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A MORAL FOR THE NEW YEAR. By Bernard Darwin.

JAN 10 1929

COUNTRY LIFE

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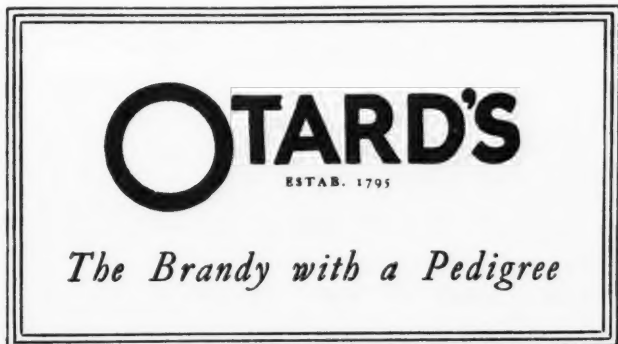
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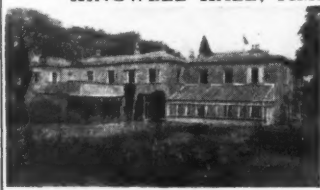
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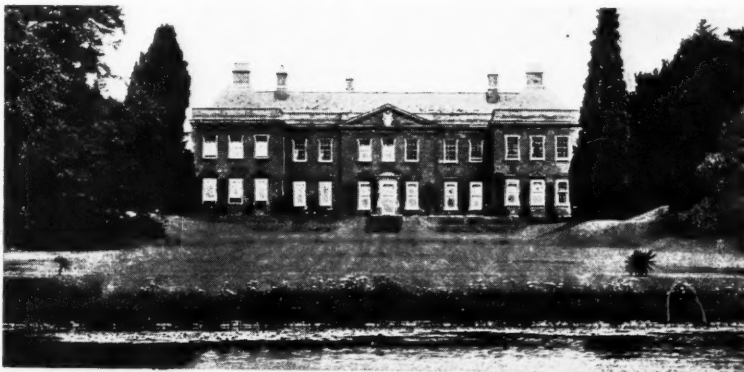
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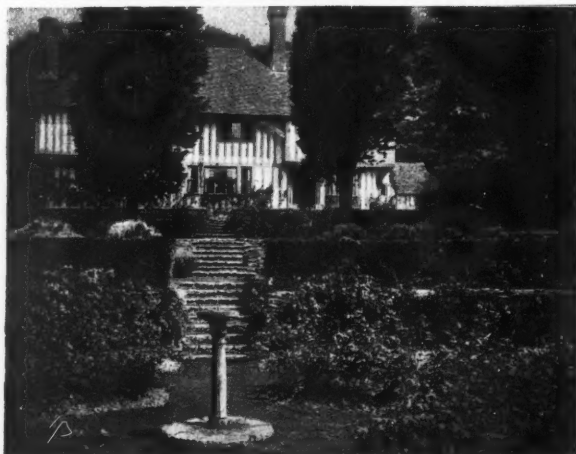
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consisting of a MORLEY-HORDER RESIDENCE, standing 620ft. above sea level, with
south and west aspects and commanding pretty views. The approach is by two carriage
drives.

Accommodation: Lounge hall, panelled Georgian drawing room, panelled billiard
room, dining room, complete domestic offices, including servants' hall, ten bed and dressing
rooms, four bathrooms, chauffeur's flat with bathroom. GARAGE.

Electric light. Company's water. Main drainage. Central heating. Telephone.

THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS, which have been laid out with great taste, are
well wooded and inexpensive to maintain. They include formal garden, sunk garden, two
tennis courts, tiled tea-house, kitchen garden, range of glasshouses, and the remainder
is parkland; in all about

21 ACRES.

THE RESIDENCE WOULD BE SOLD WITH ANY AREA OF LAND TO SUIT
THE WISHES OF AN INTENDING BUYER.

Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. 1. (10,554.)



LEITH HILL DISTRICT

IN DELIGHTFUL RURAL SURROUNDINGS.

TWO MILES FROM OCKLEY STATION; 31 MILES FROM LONDON.

TO BE SOLD,

AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE,

which has recently been the subject of considerable expenditure, and is now in extremely
good order, with all modern comforts. Accommodation: Three reception rooms, thirteen
bed and dressing rooms, four bathrooms, convenient domestic offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING. COMPANY'S WATER.

MAIN DRAINAGE.

Garage for three, stabling for three, four cottages.

THE BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS include herbaceous borders, clumps of azaleas,
two tennis courts, rose garden, lily pond with fountain, kitchen garden, orchard and
meadowland; the whole extending to about

47 ACRES.

Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. 1. (25,230.)



Preliminary Announcement.

BY DIRECTION OF THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE J. R. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

SURREY

On the high ground between Egham and Englefield Green; Egham Station about three-quarters of a mile; Hyde Park Corner nineteen miles.

THE VALUABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE.

EGHAM PARK.

situate on Tite Hill and varying in altitude from 60ft. to 250ft. above sea level, with
magnificent views over Runnymede and the River Thames.

THE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE stands in a heavily timbered and undulating park,
and contains four well-proportioned reception rooms, winter garden, ten bedrooms, three
bathrooms and ample domestic offices.

COMPANY'S WATER. ELECTRIC LIGHT. GAS AND TELEPHONE.
CENTRAL HEATING.

Garages and stabling; a feature of the pleasure grounds is a delightful rose and water
garden, well-stocked kitchen garden with gardener's capital cottage, glasshouses and
buildings; the whole extends to an area of about

80 ACRES.

of which the House and pleasure grounds will be offered with VACANT POSSESSION;
the bulk of the remainder is held on a yearly tenancy. To be offered for SALE by
AUCTION in conjunction with Messrs.

DUDLEY W. HARRIS & CO., LTD.

EARLY IN THE NEW YEAR (unless previously Sold Privately).

Solicitors, Messrs. RADCLIFFES & HOOD, ST. BARBE SLADEN & WING,
10, Little College Street, Westminster, London, S.W. 1.

Auctioneers, Messrs. DUDLEY W. HARRIS & CO., LTD., Station Chambers, Staines,
Feltham, 85, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. 1; Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY,
20, Hanover Square, London, W. 1.

NOTE.—THE CONTENTS OF THE RESIDENCE will be offered on the premises
at a date to be announced.



KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, { 20, Hanover Square, W. 1.
AND { 90, Princes Street, Edinburgh.
WALTON & LEE, { 41, Bank Street, Ashford, Kent.
{ Bridge Road, Welwyn Garden City.

(Knight, Frank & Rutley's advertisements continued on pages iii. and xiv.)

Telephones:

314 Mayfair (8 lines).
3066 Mayfair.
20146 Edinburgh.
327 Ashford, Kent.
248 Welwyn Garden.

Telephone: Regent 7500.
Telegrams:
"Selanlet, Piccy, London."

HAMPTON & SONS

(For continuation of advertisements see page viii.)

Branches: { Wimbledon
'Phone 0080
Hampstead
'Phone 2727

SUFFOLK NEAR NEWMARKET



FOR SALE,

ONE OF THE BEST
SPORTING ESTATES IN ENGLAND
FOR ITS AREA OF
2,300 ACRES.

SMALL MANOR HOUSE,
with attractive gardens and park inexpensive to maintain.

TWO FARMS, CHARMING VILLAGE, MANOR AND ADVOWSON.

ONLY £10 PER ACRE.

SOLE AGENTS, HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1.

IN BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

NEAR PETERSFIELD



AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE
RESIDENTIAL ESTATE,

occupying a fine position 400ft. above the sea, commanding extensive views, and surrounded by its PARK and WOODLANDS.

THE CHARMING HOUSE contains large lounge hall, four reception rooms, palm house, seventeen bed and dressing rooms, four bathrooms, etc.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.

STABLING. GARAGE. TWO LODGES. FIVE COTTAGES.

HOME FARM LET.

THE VERY BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS are quite a feature, and include terraces, water court, Italian garden, etc.

PRICE MUCH REDUCED.

Full particulars of the Agents,
HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1.

BETWEEN BANBURY AND BRACKLEY

400FT. UP.



IDEAL HUNTING CENTRE.

DELIGHTFUL OLD JACOBEOAN RESIDENCE
OF STONE WITH STONESFIELD ROOF.

TO BE LET ON LEASE,

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

MUCH OLD PANELLING, OAK BEAMS AND OTHER FEATURES.

Fine reception rooms, sixteen bed and dressing rooms, two baths, excellent offices.

CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

GRAVITATION WATER.

STABLING. GARAGE. COTTAGE.

Wide lawns, lake, two tennis lawns, kitchen garden.

PARK OF 60 ACRES.

ROUGH SHOOTING OVER 1,200 ACRES.

An opportunity for a connoisseur to secure a distinctive property on very attractive terms.

HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (B 42,373.)

CLOSE TO HAREWOOD DOWNS GOLF CLUB.

High up on sand and gravel soil.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, THE CHARMING SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE,
known as

"MISBOURNE," CHALFONT ST. GILES,
situate in one of the most delightful parts of

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

and comprising a very pleasing modern Residence with half timbering, conveniently situated for railway facilities and easy motoring distance of Town. Inner and outer halls, five reception rooms, sixteen bedrooms, two bathrooms, servants' hall, butler's bedroom and very complete offices on ground floor.

TWO GARAGES. CHAUFFEUR'S QUARTERS. STABLING.

FOUR COTTAGES.

Ornamental gardens and grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, bowling green, cherry orchard and meadowland; in all about

24½ ACRES.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING. GOOD WATER SUPPLY.

For full details apply to
HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (B 8883.)



Offices: 20, ST. JAMES' SQUARE, S.W. 1

Telephone Nos.
Regent 4304 and 4305.

OSBORN & MERCER

Telegraphic Address:
"Overbid-Piccy, London."

"ALBEMARLE HOUSE," 28b, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1

WEST SUSSEX DOWNS

FOR SALE AT A TIMES PRICE.

THIS HANDSOME GEORGIAN HOUSE,

approached by two carriage drives with lodge entrances and seated in a

WELL-TIMBERED PARK;

Handsome suite of reception rooms, ballroom, eight guests' bedrooms, two bachelors' bedrooms, six bathrooms and servants' accommodation.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, CENTRAL HEATING AND EVERY CONVENIENCE.

MAGNIFICENT OLD GROUNDS.

Ample stabling and garages.

Three capital farms and numerous cottages.

THE ESTATE POSSESSES A LARGE AREA OF WOODLAND PROVIDING FIRST-RATE SHOOTING, whilst the total area extends to over

1,000 ACRES.

Agents, Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (15,002.)



NORFOLK

A SHORT DRIVE FROM THE COUNTY TOWN AND WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE BROADS.

MODERN GEORGIAN HOUSE,

substantially built about 20 years ago and beautifully fitted throughout.



LOUNGE HALL,
THREE RECEPTION,
BILLIARD ROOM,
THIRTEEN BEDROOMS,
THREE BATHROOMS

CENTRAL HEATING,
COMPANY'S WATER,
TELEPHONE.

TWO
PICTURESQUE
COTTAGES.

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS,

with Italian sunk garden, tennis and ornamental lawns, terrace walk, rose garden, productive and well-stocked kitchen garden. Good stabling and garage.

FIFTEEN ACRES.

Agents, Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (13,712.)

HERTFORDSHIRE HILLS

ONE-AND-A-HALF MILES FROM A STATION, 45 MINUTES FROM LONDON.

BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED HOUSE,



over 400ft. up, beautiful views, south aspect.

LOUNGE HALL,
THREE RECEPTION,
TEN BEDROOMS,
THREE BATHROOMS.

Electric light, central heating,
Company's water,
telephone.

GARAGE.

STABLING.

LODGE.

SECLUDED GROUNDS OF A MOST DELIGHTFUL CHARACTER, partly walled kitchen garden, orchard and paddocks; in all about

FOUR ACRES.

For SALE by order of Executors.

Agents, Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (15,186.)

HIGH UP ON THE SURREY HILLS

Almost adjoining a golf course, in open country, yet only

20 MILES BY ROAD AND 40 MINUTES BY TRAIN FROM TOWN.

WONDERFULLY EQUIPPED HOUSE

IN PERFECT ORDER AND FITTED WITH EVERY LABOUR-SAVING DEVICE.

Lounge hall, three reception, nine bedrooms, three bathrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Company's water. Telephone.

FARMERY. TWO COTTAGES. GARAGES.

GARDENS OF UNIQUE CHARM

adorned with a wealth of old timber and ornamental trees, tennis lawn, herbaceous borders, rose garden, three paddocks, sylvan woodland, etc.; in all about

ELEVEN ACRES.

Confidently recommended by the SOLE AGENTS, OSBORN & MERCER. (15,193.)

SURREY

BETWEEN DORKING AND HORSHAM.
TO BE SOLD, an attractive

TUDOR STYLE HOUSE.

standing on high ground with views of Leith Hill and standing in well-timbered parklands. Hall, three reception, nine bedrooms, bathroom, etc.

Electric light. Telephone. Company's water.

Good stabling and outbuildings, and capital cottage.

INEXPENSIVE AND SECLUDED GROUNDS, large kitchen garden, glasshouses, parkland, etc.; in all about

26 ACRES.

Agents, Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER. (13,694.)

SOMERSET

Well placed for hunting with the Blackmore Vale and Sparkford Harriers.

STONE-BUILT HOUSE.

entirely remodelled and renovated and possessing all modern conveniences.

It is approached by a carriage drive, faces due south, and contains three reception rooms, billiard room, eleven bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.

Good stabling and garage accommodation.

Well-displayed gardens and grounds, kitchen garden, glasshouses and fine old feeding pasture; in all nearly

30 ACRES.

Agents, Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER. (15,245.)



OSBORN & MERCER, "ALBEMARLE HOUSE," 28b, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1

Telephone: Regent 7500.
Telegrams:
"Selanlet, Piccy, London."

HAMPTON & SONS

(For continuation of advertisements see page vi.)

Branches: **Wimbledon**
Phone 0080
Hampstead
Phone 2727



ABOUT EIGHT MILES WEST OF

GUILDFORD

Easy reach of several golf courses.

PRICE ONLY £2,800, FREEHOLD.

Charming little COUNTRY HOUSE with entrance and inner halls, three large reception rooms, five bedrooms, two dressing rooms, bathroom and compact offices.

Company's water. Gas and electric light. Telephone.

South and west aspect. Light soil.

STABLING. GARAGE. MAN'S ROOM.

Very prettily timbered grounds of about

THREE ACRES,

with lawn, orchard, kitchen garden and woodland.

HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (S 22,564A.)



KENT

In a nice part of the country only four-and-a-half miles from the town of Maidstone, with bus services to and fro.

TO BE SOLD.

A REALLY FIRST-RATE COUNTRY HOUSE, with good-sized rooms and all modern conveniences, situate amidst nice old gardens and meadowland of

TEN ACRES.

Good lounge hall, three reception rooms, billiard, ten bedrooms, two or three dressing rooms, four bathrooms.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING.

GOOD GARAGE, STABLING AND COTTAGE.

Tennis court, nice old walled kitchen garden.

THE REMARKABLY LOW PRICE OF 4,000 GUINEAS WOULD BE ACCEPTED FOR A QUICK SALE.

HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (K 29,478.)



BETWEEN ASHFORD AND THE COAST

FOR SALE,

AN UNSPOILT HOUSE OF THE TUDOR PERIOD,

having a drive of 300yds.; old oak, quaint features, open fireplaces; three sitting rooms, seven bedrooms, dressing room, bath (h. and c.).

ELECTRIC LIGHT. MODERN DRAINAGE. CENTRAL HEATING.

FARMERY. GARAGE. COTTAGE.

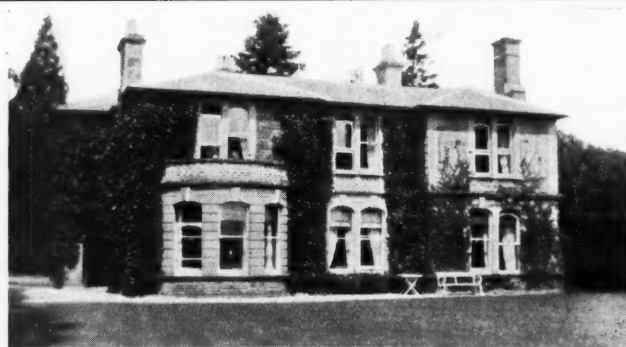
Tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard, woodland, pasture; in all about

55 ACRES.

VILLAGE HALF-A-MILE.

PRICE £3,500 FOR AN IMMEDIATE SALE.

Apply HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (K 39,503.)



NEAR THE INTERESTING AND HISTORIC OLD MARKET TOWN OF

HUNGERFORD

THE CENTRE OF ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICTS IN BERKSHIRE.

Famous for trout rivers, good hunting, lovely downs, and old-world villages.

TO BE SOLD.

RESIDENCE AND ABOUT 28 ACRES.

situated 500ft. above sea, a long distance from a road, and containing eight bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, four sitting rooms, and good offices.

GOOD GARAGE. CHAUFFEUR'S QUARTERS AND OUTBUILDINGS.

MATURED GARDENS, orchard, fruit and kitchen gardens, and parkland.

Gas, constant hot water, and every convenience.

THE ONLY PROPERTY OF THE KIND IN THE MARKET IN THIS IMMEDIATE DISTRICT FOR MANY YEARS.

PRICE £5,500.

Apply HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (B 42,179A.)



SEVENOAKS

Of special interest to anyone requiring a really charming Residence ready to walk into.

500ft. above sea with extensive views.

One-and-a-quarter miles from station. Conveniently near golf links.

For SALE, Freehold, beautifully appointed RESIDENCE, in faultless condition throughout; admirably planned accommodation.

Entrance, also inner hall (30ft. by 21ft.), dining room (about 20ft. by 16ft.), spacious verandah, billiard room, study or morning room, handsome salon or dance room, drawing room (24ft. by 18ft.), eleven bed and dressing rooms, four bathrooms.

Very complete offices.

Electric light. Company's water and gas. Central heating.

Main drainage. Telephone.

Garage for three cars. Excellent cottage. Several useful outbuildings.

Well-matured and heavily timbered GROUNDS, with many fine specimen trees; tennis court, orchard, range of glass, wide-spreading lawns, kitchen and fruit gardens; in all about

FOUR-AND-THREE-QUARTER ACRES.

Most highly recommended by the Owner's Agents.

HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (K 39,360.)



OVERLOOKING A DELIGHTFUL AND EXTENSIVE COMMON IN A FAVOURITE PART OF HERTFORDSHIRE

FOR SALE, THIS BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED AND PICTURESQUE MODERN COUNTRY RESIDENCE,

directly facing an immense expanse of heathland. The Residence (as shown in photo) has a most attractive exterior, a quite perfect environment, and is fitted and appointed with the utmost regard to comfort and convenience. Charming lounge, pretty drawing room, spacious dining room, nine bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms.

GARAGE. COMPANY'S WATER. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

CENTRAL HEATING. TELEPHONE.

THREE ACRES

of shady well-established gardens with first-rate tennis lawn, orchard, paddock, and kitchen garden. Inspected and very highly recommended.

Apply HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (R 285.)

Offices: 20, ST. JAMES' SQUARE, S.W.1

Telephone :
Grosvenor 1400 (2 lines)

CURTIS & HENSON

LONDON.

Telegrams :
"Submit, London."



500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL; ON SAND AND GRAVEL, COMMANDING MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.
AN IDEAL SITUATION FOR A BUSINESS MAN.

SEVENOAKS

35 minutes' rail by express service of trains.
Practically adjoining first-class golf course.
A FINELY PLACED RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, adjoining an extensive common, enjoying absolute privacy, which is definitely assured.
THE APPROACH IS BY A LONG DRIVE WITH LODGE AT ENTRANCE.
The accommodation comprises :
Large lounge hall and staircase, four reception, excellent billiard room, ten principal bedrooms, three servants' rooms, bath, complete offices.
CO.'S GAS. TELEPHONE INSTALLED.
MODERN DRAINAGE. ELECTRIC LIGHT.
Garage, stabling, men's quarters, two cottages, farmery, BEAUTIFUL MATURED GARDENS; woodland and park; in all
ABOUT 43 ACRES.
FOR SALE AT A GREAT SACRIFICE.
Photos, plan and all particulars of CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W. 1.

OXSHOTT AND THE FAIRMILE

ENVIABLE POSITION. HALF-AN-HOUR'S RAIL FROM WATERLOO. SANDY SOIL.

PERFECTLY UNIQUE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OCCUPYING AN ISLAND SITE ENTIRELY SURROUNDED BY VAST AREAS OF GLORIOUS HEATHER COMMONS AND WOODLANDS. BEAUTIFUL TUDOR STYLE HOUSE approached by a long carriage drive with lodge. Magnificent views in all directions. LOUNGE HALL panelled in oak with fine gallery, BILLIARD ROOM, THREE OTHER RECEPTION, VERY COMPLETE OFFICES, TWELVE BEDROOMS, TWO BEAUTIFUL BATHROOMS. COMPANY'S WATER AND GAS laid on. CO.'S ELECTRIC LIGHT available, heating, telephone, up-to-date sanitary appliances, hot water everywhere. Garage and stabling, small farm and numerous cottages (if required), gardener's house, THE GARDENS ARE A FEATURE and profusely timbered and shrubbed, unique fountain garden, kitchen garden, two tennis courts, HARD COURT, orchard, miniature well-timbered park; in all about 40 ACRES (or with smaller area if desired). Unrivalled golfing facilities. REDUCED PRICE.—CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W. 1.

COBHAM AND ST. GEORGE'S HILL

Lovely pine woods and forest land. Adjacent to first-class golf. Sandy soil.

DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED MODERN RESIDENCE, built under the supervision of well-known architect; fitted with all conveniences; in perfect readiness for immediate entry; fine position, 300ft. above sea level; very fine views; long drive with lodge. OAK-PANELLED LOUNGE, FOUR RECEPTION, PARQUET FLOORS, TWELVE BEDROOMS (eight having fitted lavatory basins, h. and c.), FOUR BATHROOMS; CO.'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER, CENTRAL HEATING, TELEPHONE, MAIN WATER; stabling and garage; chauffeur's cottage with bathroom; BEAUTIFUL GROUND; very fine timber; rose garden, stone-flagged walks, kitchen garden, orchard, tennis lawns, masses of rhododendrons, woodland; in all EIGHT ACRES.

PRICE REDUCED.

FURNITURE CAN BE PURCHASED.

Highly recommended.—CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W. 1.

EASY ACCESS OF THE COAST. ONE HOUR'S RAIL SOUTH EXCELLENT SERVICE OF EXPRESS TRAINS.

PERFECT REPLICATION OF A XIVTH CENTURY MANOR HOUSE, built of mellowed red brick with half-timbered gables, carved barge boards, leaded casements, old tiled roof. Many quaint characteristics with a wealth of old oak panelling, massive beams and solid floors, open fireplaces, etc. FINE DRY HEALTHY POSITION.

300FT. UP. EXTENSIVE VIEWS.

Two long drives.

THREE RECEPTION, TEN BEDROOMS, FIVE BATHROOMS; ELECTRIC LIGHT, CENTRAL HEATING, TELEPHONE.

Co.'s water, modern drainage; garage, stabling, two cottages, farmery; delightful pleasure grounds, flagged terraces and walks, formal garden, lily pond and fountain, clipped yew hedges, rose garden, oak and fir woodland with rhododendrons, streams, dell, etc., productive kitchen garden, glass, orchard and meadowland; in all

ABOUT 26 ACRES.

Hunting and golf. For SALE.—CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W. 1.



WEST SUSSEX

(BETWEEN MIDHURST AND CHICHESTER).

GLORIOUS SOUTH DOWNS. Healthy and bracing locality. HANDSOME GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, occupying very fine position amidst lovely surroundings, with extensive views. Well-timbered park, carriage drive with lodge. FIVE RECEPTION, TWENTY BEDROOMS, SIX BATHROOMS; ELECTRIC LIGHT, CENTRAL HEATING, TELEPHONE, ample water supply, modern drainage; stabling and garages, three farms, numerous cottages; attractive pleasure grounds, beautifully timbered, grass tennis lawns, HARD COURT, extensive walled kitchen garden, etc., grass, arable and woodland; in all ABOUT 1,300 ACRES. FIRST-CLASS SPORTING, HEAVY GAME BAGS. MODERATE PRICE. Close to golf. Hunting.—CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W. 1.

400FT. ABOVE SEA

On the hills on the Surrey and Kent border, amidst delightful scenery. MAGNIFICENT VIEWS. SAND SOIL. SOUTHERN EXPOSURE. FINE OLD STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE, in picturesque village. Long carriage drive. FOUR RECEPTION, TWELVE BEDROOMS, BATHROOM. COMPANY'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER, MAIN DRAINAGE. Garage and stabling, gardener's cottage; well-timbered pleasure grounds, walled kitchen garden, full-size tennis lawn and other lawns, rose garden, meadowland; in all ABOUT FOURTEEN ACRES (more land available if required). Excellent golf. PRICE £5,500.—CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W. 1.

HERTFORDSHIRE HILLS

400ft. up. 45 MINUTES' RAIL. First-class golf. EXCEEDINGLY WELL-BUILT COUNTRY RESIDENCE of attractive design, occupying a fine position; carriage drive with lodge. THREE RECEPTION, TEN BEDROOMS, TWO BATHROOMS. COMPANY'S WATER AND GAS. MAIN DRAINAGE. TELEPHONE. Garage for two cars, stabling, farmbuildings; inexpensive gardens, profusion of flowers and shrubs, two tennis lawns, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, plantation, park-like paddocks; in all about EIGHT ACRES. (More can be had.)

PRICE ONLY £6,500.
Good hunting.—CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W. 1.

HEYTHROP AND BICESTER COUNTRY

Two miles from main line station, one-and-a-half hours' rail of Town.

PRICE only £7,000 (or WOULD BE LET, FURNISHED). PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, 450ft. above sea level, in a delightful healthy position, containing lounge hall, three reception rooms, garden room, nine bedrooms, two bathrooms. ELECTRIC LIGHT EVERYWHERE, NEW WATER SUPPLY, MODERN DRAINAGE. STABLING for six, heated garage, laundry, other buildings. THE GROUNDS include lawns, rock garden, kitchen garden, orchard and rich grass; in all 25 ACRES.
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W. 1.

HANTS COAST

EXCELLENT YACHTING CENTRE AND CLOSE TO THE NEW FOREST.

AN OLD WHITE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, delightfully placed in a lovely position on sandy soil, with EXTENSIVE VIEWS OVER SOUTHAMPTON WATER, and on the outskirts of one of the most healthy villages in England. The accommodation comprises:

FOUR RECEPTION WITH POLISHED OAK PARQUET FLOORING.
TWELVE BEDROOMS, BATHROOM, etc.
ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING.
MAIN WATER AVAILABLE.
Stabling and garage, rooms for men, cottage, farmery.

CHARMING GROUNDS, with a large variety of specimen trees, wide spreading lawns tennis court, water garden, walled kitchen garden, woodlands, park-like meadowland; about NINETEEN ACRES.

FOR SALE. A GREAT BARGAIN.

Agents, Messrs. WALLER & KING, 17, Above Bar, Southampton; Messrs. CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W. 1.



LAND AND
ESTATE AGENTS.

Telephone 21.

ESTABLISHED 1812.
GUDGEON & SONS
WINCHESTERAUCTIONEERS
AND VALUERS.

Telegrams: "Gudgeons."

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCES IN

HAMPSHIRE

400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

ONE DOUBLE AND TWO SINGLE RECEPTION ROOMS.
THREE BATHROOMS.

TWELVE BEDROOMS.

Cottage.

Stabling with rooms over.

Garage for two cars.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.
CENTRAL HEATING.TELEPHONE.
ABUNDANT WATER SUPPLY.

EXCELLENT GARDENS AND PLEASURE GROUNDS,

INCLUDING TENNIS COURT, ROSE GARDENS, LAVENDER WALK AND HERBACEOUS
BORDERS.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for a year from March next at the inclusive rent of £500 per annum.

For particulars and order to view apply to GUDGEON & SONS, Estate Agents, Winchester.
(Folio 158.)3, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.**RALPH PAY & TAYLOR**Telephones:
Grosvenor 1032 & 1033.**SOUTH OXON—BUCKS BORDERS**
TWO MILES FROM OLD MARKET TOWN.**A PICTURESQUE TUDOR COTTAGE.** adapted from old barns, situate in a quiet position adjoining a delightful old-world village; five bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, two reception rooms; electric light, central heating; garage; TWO-AND-A-HALF ACRES. Excellent hunting with two packs.
FREEHOLD FOR SALE.

Personally inspected and recommended by RALPH PAY and TAYLOR, as above.

DORKING AND HORSHAM
(BETWEEN).
AMIDST SURREY'S LOVELIEST COUNTRYSIDE.**A PERFECTLY RESTORED XIIITH CENTURY MANOR HOUSE**, beautifully situated on the southern slope of Leith Hill. Fascinating old half-timbered Residence, containing a remarkable wealth of interior old oak timbering; eight bedrooms, four bathrooms, three reception and hall; electric light, central heating; garage, two cottages; charming pleasure grounds, hard and grass tennis courts, meadowland and wood; in all 33 ACRES.—Freehold for SALE.**NEAR ASHDOWN FOREST**
ONE HOUR FROM TOWN.**ATTRACTIVE OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE.** dating back to the XVIIth century, pleasantly situated on the outskirts of an old-world town; nine bedrooms, two bathrooms, three reception rooms; electric light, Company's water; stabling, garage, cottage; delightfully timbered grounds; in all THREE ACRES.**FREEHOLD FOR SALE.****RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1**Telephone:
Regent 6773 (2 lines).**F. L. MERCER & CO.**7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1
SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY PROPERTIES.Telegrams:
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LOUNGE HALL, FOUR RECEPTION ROOMS, THIRTEEN BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, FOUR BATHROOMS.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE. CENTRAL HEATING.
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A feature of the Property are the DELIGHTFUL GARDENS, including TERRACES, GRASS WALKS, tennis lawn for two courts.

Park-like surroundings, extending in all to about

42 ACRES

FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

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LOVELY PANORAMIC VIEWS. NEAR WEST GRINSTEAD, AMIDST
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104½ ACRES

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Best residential part, rural country; 35 minutes London; one-and-a-half miles of station; near first-rate golf course.



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WITH OAK-PANELLED HALL, FOUR RECEPTION, THIRTEEN BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, FOUR BATHROOMS.

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS

WITH LAWNS, FLOWER GARDEN, WALLED VEGETABLE GARDEN, WELL-TIMBERED PARK.

IN ALL 54 ACRES.

Lodge, garages, excellent stabling, two cottages.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE AT VERY LOW PRICE.

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THE FINE OLD TUDOR MANOR HOUSE, containing entrance hall, two reception rooms, complete domestic offices; approached by magnificent oak staircase are seven bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (most of the rooms having valuable old fireplaces); garage and farmbuildings, including accommodation for 30 cows; pleasure grounds and gardens, tennis lawn. THE LAND lies together in a ring fence, is intersected by good roads, and is well watered and fenced; the whole extending to about 150 ACRES, which is all rich feeding pasture, with the exception of 20 acres. FREEHOLD £5,500.

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OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, in first-class order; three sitting rooms, five large bedrooms, bathroom; electric light, central heating, main water; garage and stabling; tennis lawn, orchard, etc.

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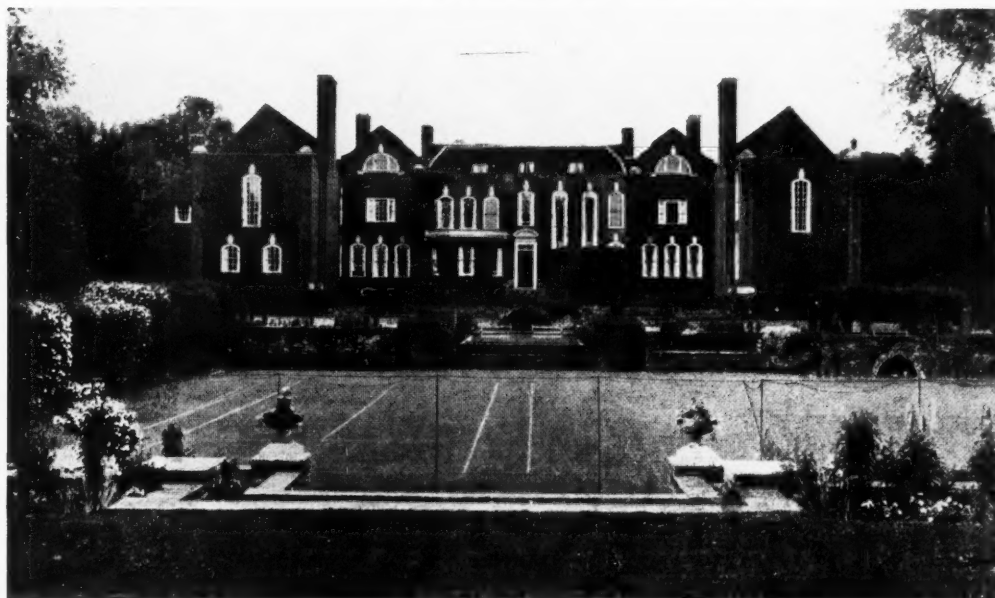


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INNER AND LOUNGE HALLS, HANDSOME SUITE OF RECEPTION ROOMS, 20 OR MORE BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, NINE BATHROOMS.



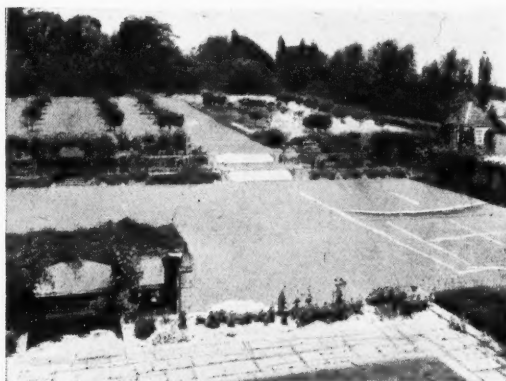
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EXCELLENT GARAGE, STABLING AND OUTBUILDINGS, INCLUDING MODERN HOME FARM, SEVERAL OTHER FARMS (let to good tenants), DOWER HOUSE, AGENT'S HOUSE AND NUMEROUS COTTAGES.



A GLIMPSE OF THE TERRACED GARDENS.

OLD-WORLD
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in keeping with
GRASS AND HARD TENNIS
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together with
WOODLAND and PARKLAND

the total area extending to

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OR MIGHT BE SOLD WITH 176 ACRES.



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THE ESTATE SALE ROOMS, LONDON, W. 1



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A CHARMING LITTLE VILLA,
STANDING IN ABOUT ONE ACRE OF NICELY LAID-OUT GARDENS.

Containing:
TWO RECEPTION ROOMS, FOUR BEDROOMS, BATHROOM AND GOOD OFFICES.
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Occupying the spur of a hill with wide views of the Mediterranean, and standing in delightful grounds and gardens of about twelve-and-a-half acres: most under cultivation with vines, peach, olive trees and vegetable gardens.

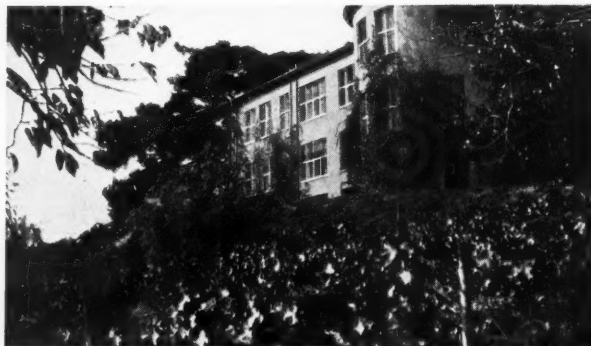
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FIVE PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS, THREE OR FIVE SERVANTS' BEDROOMS,
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Excellent garage for two.



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ONE-AND-A-HALF ACRES. FREEHOLD. (Fo. 32,947.)

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£3,500—TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Charming modern Detached HOUSE standing on the Sandstone Ridge, 440ft. above sea level; lounge, three reception rooms, eight bedrooms, bathroom and complete domestic offices; electric light, gas, telephone and main drainage. Gardens of nearly AN ACRE, including rose garden, lawn, kitchen garden, etc.

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TO THOSE WHO WOULD RESTORE
THIS GENUINE OLD TUDOR HOUSE.

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.—This delightful old HOUSE of Character, containing about eight bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, three reception rooms, usual offices, etc.; oak beams, Tudor chimneys, etc., together with COTTAGE, FARMBUILDINGS and about 108 ACRES (chiefly pasture). Price only £5,500, FREEHOLD. FOR SALE BY AUCTION SHORTLY, or PRIVATELY BEFOREHAND.

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TO BE SOLD.

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Occupies a position of exceptional charm, over 700ft. above sea level with south aspect.

TEN GOOD BEDROOMS,
BATH,
FOUR RECEPTION ROOMS,
CAPITAL DOMESTIC OFFICES.

EXCELLENT OUTBUILDINGS including ample stabling and garages.

WELL LAID-OUT GARDENS

(very inexpensive to maintain), two tennis courts, croquet lawn, intersected by shady walks, etc.; in all about

SEVEN ACRES.

PRICE FOR IMMEDIATE SALE, £3,500.

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In a very favourite neighbourhood.

A COMFORTABLE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE,
with mullioned windows.

ONE PORTION MANY HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD
and
HAVING MOST HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS.

The interior arranged with every possible comfort.

IMPOSING GALLERIED HALL with carved stone fireplace.

THREE CHARMING RECEPTION ROOMS,
LARGE BILLIARD OR DANCE ROOM,
FIFTEEN BED AND DRESSING ROOMS,
THREE BATHROOMS.

EXTENSIVE OUTBUILDINGS including garages and stabling and excellent farmery.

SMALL SECONDARY RESIDENCE.

MOST FASCINATING GARDENS AND GROUNDS,
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SWEEPING LAWNS. FLOWER BEDS.
LAKE WITH BOATHOUSE.

TENNIS AND OTHER COURTS. ORCHARDS.

Own electricity by very efficient plant.

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Drainage on the finest possible principles.

TOTAL AREA 90 ACRES

(More land might be obtainable if desired.)

Recommended with the utmost confidence from personal knowledge by DUNCAN B. GRAY & PARTNERS, 129, Mount Street, W. 1.

EXECUTORS' SALE.

IN THE PINE COUNTRY

£5,000. SIX ACRES.



ABOUT 30 MILES FROM TOWN.

Adjoining very popular golf course.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN FAMILY RESIDENCE

splendidly appointed throughout, and commanding most wonderful views.

FIFTEEN BED AND DRESSING ROOMS,
TWO BATHROOMS,
THREE RECEPTION ROOMS,
BILLIARD ROOM.

PASSENGER LIFT TO GROUND AND FIRST FLOORS.

Commodious stabling and garages, with men's quarters.

THE GARDENS are well matured. There are several shady walks of varied levels, fine lawns including tennis court. (More land could possibly be had.)

Recommended with every confidence as

AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN.

Sole Agents, DUNCAN B. GRAY & PARTNERS, 129, Mount Street, W. 1.

Telephone: 4706 Gerrard (2 lines).
Telegrams: "Cornishmen, London."

TRESIDDER & CO. 37, ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1

FOR SALE BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES.

SOUTH OF SCOTLAND

4 HOURS GLASGOW. 6 HOURS EDINBURGH.

AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE,
including conveniently planned FAMILY RESIDENCE.

LOUNGE HALL. BILLIARD ROOM. 5 RECEPTION ROOMS.
BATHROOMS. 25 BEDROOMS.

STABLING FOR 10. COTTAGES. VARIOUS HOMESTEADS.
Picturesque gardens and grounds. 20 dairy farms.

LOCH RICH IN ARCHAEOLOGICAL REMAINS.
Excellent SPORTING over the ESTATE which extends to

3,526 ACRES.

Details of TRESIDDER & Co., 37, Albemarle St., W. 1. (7514.)

GROUND, OR UP TO 30 ACRES.

HANTS COAST

FRONTAGE TO CREEK WITH YACHT MOORING.
Secluded position. Carriage drive.

FOR SALE.

AN ENLARGED AND MODERNISED OLD MANOR HOUSE.
3 RECEPTION ROOMS. BATHROOM. 7 BEDROOMS.

BARN 60ft. by 26ft., suitable for billiards or BALLROOM; STABLING, farm-
buildings, COTTAGE.

REALLY DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS, LAID OUT BY WELL-KNOWN
LANDSCAPE GARDENER.

Tennis lawn, water gardens, orchards.

LARGE LAKE, ETC.

TRESIDDER & Co., 37, Albemarle St., W. 1. (1131.)

6 ACRES. £2,500.
10 MILES OXFORD (hunting, fishing
and golf available).

XVIIITH CENTURY MANOR HOUSE
with modern conveniences.

3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 5 bedrooms.

GARAGE. STABLING. MAN'S ROOMS.
Charming grounds, tennis lawn, orchard and paddock.

TRESIDDER & Co., 37, Albemarle St., W. 1. (15,635.)

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.

KENT (2½ miles station; 1½ hours London).—
Charming old RESIDENCE. Lounge hall,

4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms,
Electric light, telephone, Co.'s water, central heating.

Stabling, garage, 2 cottages.
Well-timbered pleasure grounds with tennis and other

lawns, walled kitchen garden, etc.; in all about 3 acres;
additional 4 acres of grass can be had.

TRESIDDER & Co., 37, Albemarle St., W. 1. (13,110.)

RENT, UNFURNISHED, £55 PER ANNUM.

Moderate premium required to include valuable fixtures.

ESSEX (½ hour London, 1 mile station; gravel
soil; in a perfectly rural district).

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.

CO.'S WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE. TELEPHONE.
Stabling for 3, two cottages, garage, and other useful
outbuildings.

PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS,

including tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden, rose
pergola, orchard and paddock; in all about

2½ ACRES.

TRESIDDER & Co., 37, Albemarle St., W. 1. (12,369.)

Inspected and strongly recommended.

£4,000. FREEHOLD.

£250 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.
HANTS COAST (2 miles).—A very attrac-
tive RESIDENCE.

Hall, 4 reception, 2 bathrooms, 10 bedrooms.
Co.'s water, gas, electric light, main drainage, telephone.

STABLING. GARAGE. COTTAGE.

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS.

Ornamental lawns, 2 tennis courts, orchard, kitchen
garden, paddock, etc.

Hunting. Golf.
TRESIDDER & Co., 37, Albemarle St., W. 1. (6620.)

£3,500. FREEHOLD.

DEVON (secluded position, near station).—Attrac-
tive stone-built RESIDENCE, containing:

Halls, 3 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, 8 bedrooms, etc.
Co.'s water, gas, main drainage. STABLING, GARAGE.

Very fine grounds with lawns, kitchen garden, etc.

TRESIDDER & Co., 37, Albemarle St., W. 1. (15,617.)

ESTATE
AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.

GIFFARD, ROBERTSON & LUCEY

(SUCCESSORS TO DIBBLIN & SMITH)

106, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1

Tel.:
Grosvenor 1671
(2 lines).

NORFOLK

GOOD SHOOTING DISTRICT.



A VERY LOW PRICE

is asked for this particularly habitable old House, with its
LARGE ROOMS AND MODERN COMFORTS.

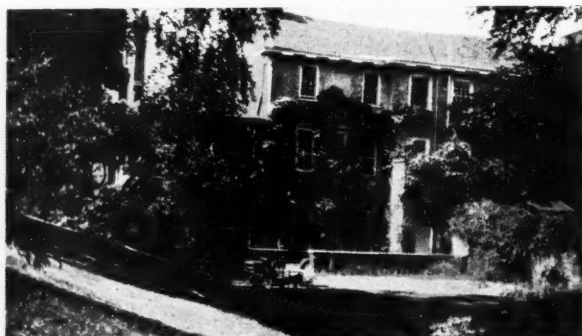
There is hunting, golf and coarse fishing available. Three reception rooms,
eight bedrooms, bathroom, man's room. Central heating, gas lighting; garage,
two cottages, farmery.

Pretty garden, ornamental water, orchard, and a well-wooded

PARK 45 ACRES. FREEHOLD £3,800.

GIFFARD, ROBERTSON & LUCEY, 106, Mount Street, W. 1. (Gros. 1671.)

THE ORIGINAL "OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE IN AN OLD-FASHIONED (SURREY) TOWN"



WITH CHARMING QUEEN ANNE FEATURES.

A pleasant view of hilly country is one of the delights of this beautiful old place.

40 MINUTES' JOURNEY OF LONDON.

Three reception rooms, seven bedrooms, bathroom, main electricity, gas, water
and drainage, washing basins in bedrooms. Garage.

A RESTFUL GARDEN OF EXTREME BEAUTY.

FREEHOLD £3,200.

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Telegrams: "Teamwork, Piccy, London."
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20, BERKELEY STREET (ENTRANCE HAY HILL), LONDON, W. 1.

Auctioneers and Surveyors,
Valuers,
Land and Estate Agents.

UNDER TWO HOURS OF TOWN IN A FAMOUS EASTERN COUNTIES GAME DISTRICT

LAST THREE YEARS' AVERAGE GAME BAGS INCLUDE:

PHEASANTS, 1,298; PARTRIDGES, 415; RABBITS, 1,600; GOOD STOCK OF HARES.

THE CHARMING MODERN MANOR HOUSE.

In faultless order and
superbly appointed.

Contains:

Lounge hall,
Four reception and
billiard rooms,
Eighteen bed and
dressing rooms,
Sun balcony and loggia,
Three bathrooms, tiled
offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.
CENTRAL HEATING,
CONSTANT HOT
WATER.



1,296 ACRES

ANY REASONABLE SUB-DIVISION WILL BE MADE WITH OR WITHOUT THE SPORTING RIGHTS.

FOR SALE AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICE.

Inspected and Recommended.—NORFOLK & PRIOR, 20, Berkeley Street, W. 1.

GARAGES, STABLING,
MODEL HOME FARM.
FOUR
OTHER HOMESTEADS.
22 COTTAGES
and
LODGES.

OPEN AIR
SWIMMING BATH.
GLASS.

[Well-timbered old-
established
GROUNDS,
Grass and hard tennis
courts, walled gardens, and
small park.

Large area of scientifically
laid-out
Sporting Woodlands, etc.

Telephone :
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COLLINS & COLLINS

LAND AND ESTATE AGENTS.

37, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

PRICE CONSIDERABLY REDUCED.

A VERY MODERATE FIGURE WILL NOW BE ACCEPTED.

TWELVE MILES OF THE COAST. GOOD SHOOTING. LOVELY COUNTRY. HUNTING. GOLF.

TWO HOURS OF LONDON

GEORGIAN RESIDENCE.

in perfect order, fitted with every modern convenience. Six best bed and dressing rooms, bachelors' attics, servants' quarters, six bathrooms, four reception rooms, ballroom, lounge hall.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

TELEPHONE.

CENTRAL HEATING.

MODERN
SANITATION.



FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.

EASILY MAINTAINED FLOWER GARDENS AND PRODUCTIVE WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN.

SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR EXERCISING HORSES.

GOODWOOD RACE COURSE TWO MILES.

Particulars of Messrs. COLLINS & COLLINS. (Folio 15,143.)

Large garage.
Good stabling.
Numerous cottages.
Hard tennis court.

THREE FARMS LET AT
GOOD RENTS.

320 ACRES OF COVERTS
containing valuable timber,
are included in the

1,100 ACRES

to which the Estate
extends.

An additional 1,000 acres
of rough shooting adjoining
are leased.

URGENTLY WANTED TO PURCHASE FOR PRIVATE OCCUPATION

A RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE

OF
700 TO 1,500 ACRES

A RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER (QUEEN ANNE OR EARLY GEORGIAN PREFERRED) CONTAINING 20 TO 25 BEDROOMS, IS REQUIRED.

A LARGER AREA UP TO 3,000 ACRES

WOULD BE CONSIDERED, PROVIDED THE LAND IS LET AND PRODUCES AN INCOME TO SHOW A RETURN OF 4 PER CENT. ON THE PURCHASE PRICE.

HUNTING, SHOOTING AND, IF POSSIBLE, TROUT FISHING.

Full particulars to Messrs. COLLINS & COLLINS, Surveyors, 37, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W. 1.



TWELVE MILES FROM AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRIAL TOWN.

WESTERN MIDLANDS

GOOD HUNTING. SHOOTING.

GENTLEMAN'S FARMING AND SPORTING ESTATE.
300 ACRES.

SUITABLE FOR A HERD OF PEDIGREE STOCK.

THE RESIDENCE, approached by a short drive, contains hall, three reception rooms, study, six bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom (h. and c. water laid on throughout).

MODEL RANGE OF FARMBUILDINGS suitable for the production of GRADE A MILK

Tyings for 40 cows, covered yards, extensive stabling, etc.

RICH LAND. SIX COTTAGES.

CHARMING GARDENS.

Full details of Messrs. COLLINS & COLLINS, 37, South Audley Street. (Folio 16,160.)

30 MINUTES SOUTH OF TOWN

Delightfully situate on high ground enjoying beautiful views; near golf; excellent service of fast trains.

SAND AND GRAVEL SOIL.

FOR SALE.

THIS ATTRACTIVE AND WELL-BUILT

MODERN RESIDENCE.

standing 300yds. from the road, it contains panelled hall, two reception rooms, six bedrooms, bathroom, usual domestic offices.

COMPANY'S WATER.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

MAIN DRAINAGE.

CENTRAL HEATING.

GARAGE.

EXCELLENT FOUR-ROOMED LODGE.

PARK-LIKE GROUNDS OF THREE ACRES

ARE TASTEFULLY LAID OUT.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £4,250.

OR WOULD BE SOLD WITH ONE ACRE, £2,750.

Apply Messrs. COLLINS & COLLINS, 37, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, W. 1. (15,883.)



COLLINS & COLLINS, OFFICES: 37, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

Telephone:
Grosvenor 1440 (three lines).

WILSON & CO.

14, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

F. R. WILSON, F.S.I.
A. J. SOUTHERN, F.A.I.
G. H. NEWBERRY, F.S.I., F.A.I.

URGENTLY WANTED TO PURCHASE

WANTED TO PURCHASE.
ON HIGH GROUND IN SUSSEX, BERKS, HANTS.

A SMALL ESTATE

of 150 to 200 ACRES or more, with good "period" House, XVth or XVIth century or replica; 18 to 20 bedrooms, good bathrooms and spacious reception rooms; stabling, garage and several cottages; electric light, central heating and all modern ideas.

Beautiful and matured gardens a *sine qua non*, parkland and some wood. A price of

£20,000

WILL BE PAID FOR THE RIGHT PLACE.

Messrs. WILSON & Co. are retained by a client and photos and details should be addressed "Calcutta," 14, Mount Street, W. 1.

FOR A QUEEN ANNE OR GEORGIAN HOUSE

having large and lofty rooms and being within 60 to 100 miles of London in a good residential and sporting part with prospect of renting shooting, a client of Messrs. WILSON & Co. is

PREPARED TO PAY FROM

£12,000 UPWARDS

About twelve to fifteen bedrooms and four large reception rooms are required, with all modern conveniences installed; good outbuildings, cottages and lodge; well-timbered grounds and parkland

50 TO 100 ACRES

Photographs (returnable) and full particulars to "Lady B," 14, Mount Street, W. 1.

WANTED TO PURCHASE WITH POSSESSION
BY MARCH.

A SMALL COUNTRY PROPERTY,

preferably in Suffolk (Bury St. Edmunds district) or North Hampshire or Wiltshire. Light soil essential and not within fifteen miles of the sea.

House (Queen Anne style liked) with ten to twelve bedrooms, three bathrooms, three or four reception rooms, garage for two cars, stabling for two; gardens with not more than two men required, 10 to 60 ACRES.

POSSIBILITY OF RENTING SHOOTING!

A FAIR PRICE WILL BE PAID

FOR A SUITABLE PROPERTY OR ONE REQUIRING ADDITION.

Details and photos to "F. H.," 14, Mount Street, W. 1.

NO COMMISSION REQUIRED FROM VENDORS

NEAR REIGATE

Rural situation, delightful views; under 30 miles from Town.



A DELIGHTFUL HOUSE OF TUDOR DESIGN, built of genuine old materials, almost perfect in detail, old oak panelling, oak-beamed ceilings and walls, open fireplaces, every modern requirement installed, old-world character preserved; six or seven bedrooms, bathroom, lounge or hall, two reception rooms; electric light, Company's water, independent hot water, telephone; garage with chauffeur's rooms, and other useful buildings; **BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS** IN THE TUDOR STYLE, clipped yew hedges, rock, rose and water gardens, tennis lawn, orchard, wild gardens, herbaceous borders, paddock; about **FOUR ACRES**. A further six acres and two Tudor design cottages also available. Near good golf and hunting. Freehold for SALE.—Full details from the Owner's Agents, WILSON & Co., as above.

UNDER ONE HOUR FROM TOWN

BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY.

UNSPOILT COUNTRY. RURAL SITUATION.

A LOVELY OLD HOUSE,

upon which an enormous expenditure has been made, and now in splendid order.

SEVEN BEDROOMS,
TWO BATHROOMS,
LOUNGE AND
THREE RECEPTION.

MAIN WATER. ELECTRIC LIGHT. RADIATORS.

AMPLE OUTBUILDINGS.

STABLING. GARAGE. COTTAGE.

PERFECT OLD GARDENS OF
FOUR ACRES.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.

RENT £170 PER ANNUM.

MERELY NOMINAL PREMIUM.

Agents, WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W. 1.

SUSSEX

IN A PERFECT SUN TRAP.



300ft. up; glorious south views; light soil.

ASHDOWN FOREST DISTRICT.

DELIGHTFUL WELL-BUILT HOUSE; six bed, bath, large lounge, two reception; double garage, chauffeur's cottage; electric light, good water, drainage.

UNUSUALLY CHARMING GARDENS.
ABOUT THREE ACRES.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE, 4,000 GUINEAS.

Sole Agents, WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W. 1.

BRUTON, KNOWLES & CO.

ESTATE AGENTS,
SURVEYORS AND AUCTIONEERS,
ALBION CHAMBERS, KING STREET,
GLOUCESTER.
Telegrams: "Brutons, Gloucester."
Telephone: No. 2267 (two lines).

BORDERS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND HEREFORDSHIRE.—For SALE (about five-and-a-half miles from Ross), charming small RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY with attractive Residence (lounge hall, three reception, eight beds, bath and usual offices); stabling; well-timbered grounds and enclosures of pastureland; in all about six acres. Price £2,700.—Full particulars of BRUTON, KNOWLES & Co., Estate Agents, Gloucester. (D 80.)

ON THE COTSWOLDS (near Painswick).—A typically stone-built and stone-mullioned gabled Cotswold RESIDENCE in a sheltered position, containing three reception rooms, six bed and dressing rooms, oathroom and usual offices. Outbuildings: attractive but inexpensive garden and pasture; in all about three-and-a-half acres; the property is bounded on one side by a running stream. Vacant possession. Price £3,000.—Full particulars of BRUTON, KNOWLES & Co., Albion Chambers, Gloucester. (C 283.)

ON THE COTSWOLDS (near Cirencester).—A delightful old gabled Cotswold RESIDENCE, the earlier part dating from the XVth century, standing about 400ft. above sea level. Lounge hall, four reception, eleven bed and dressing, two baths; electric light, Company's water; stabling, garage, cottage; attractive grounds and park-like pasture; in all about seventeen-and-a-half acres. Hunting with the V.W.H. Polo and golf near. Vacant possession. Price £8,000.—Full particulars of BRUTON, KNOWLES & Co., Albion Chambers, Gloucester. (S 247.)

NORTH-WEST DURHAM.—For SALE by Private Treaty, owner going abroad, an exceptionally well-appointed and delightfully situated RESIDENCE, together with the whole of the exquisite household furnishings and appointments, two motor cars, etc. "Greenhill," Shotley Bridge (three minutes from station), thirteen miles from Newcastle-upon-Tyne; within the Brues of Derwent Hunt. Accommodation: Ground floor, main entrance hall, two reception rooms, study, cloakroom, bathroom, w.c., kitchens, larders. First floor, four bedrooms, bathroom, w.c., dry cupboard, upper hall. Second floor, maid's room and ante-room. Outside, three-car garage, summerhouse, greenhouse, toolhouse, etc.; electric and gas installations, Company's water; old-world gardens and grounds of remarkable beauty occupying one-and-a-half acres; grass garth, together with the whole of the superb modern and antique appointments, and two motor cars in practically new condition. This is one of the most luxurious medium-sized Residences in the district. It occupies a unique position, is of Freehold tenure and has been equipped with all modern conveniences regardless of cost.—Full particulars as to construction, contents, etc., and arrangements for view may be had on application to PALISTER, NICHOLSON & ADDISON, Auctioneers, Valuers and Estate Agents, Lanchester and Crook; or particulars also from J. MURRAY-AYNSLEY, Esq., Solicitor, East Parade, Consett.

Telephone:
Gerrard 4364 (8 lines).

ELLIS & SONS

Telegrams:
"Ellisoneer, Piccy, London."

AUCTIONEERS, ESTATE AGENTS AND VALUERS,
LONDON, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL AND SOUTHPORT.
OWEN WALLIS, F.A.I. (Managing Country Section), 31, DOVER STREET, W.1.



OXSHOTT AND COBHAM

£1,600 (in this favourite neighbourhood).—A gentleman's RESIDENCE, near station; hall, two reception rooms, kitchen scullery, three good bedrooms, bathroom, heated linen cupboard, etc. GARAGE AND GOOD-SIZED GARDEN.

ELLIS & SONS, 31, Dover Street, Piccadilly, W. 1.

OLD TUDOR HOUSE

SUSSEX AND SURREY

Near station, and within easy access of Town. **DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE**, dating back to the XVth Century; partly half-timbered with old stone slates and tiles and with modern additions.

Three reception rooms, one panelled in oak, galleried staircase, six bedrooms, dressing room, two maid's rooms, large bathroom. ELECTRIC LIGHT. GAS. CO.'S WATER. RADIATORS. Garage, stabling, and excellent cottage with four rooms.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS, welltimbered, and comprising in all about THREE ACRES. FOR SALE AT REASONABLE PRICE.

ELLIS & SONS, 31, Dover Street, Piccadilly, W. 1.

£1,500 GREAT BARGAIN

30 MINUTES SOUTH-WEST and near West Hill, Hook Heath, and other golf courses.—A capital RESIDENCE, containing hall, two reception rooms, six bedrooms, bathroom, and offices; main electric light, Co.'s water and drainage, and matured garden.

ELLIS & SONS, 31, Dover Street, Piccadilly, W. 1.

LAND, ESTATES AND OTHER PROPERTIES WANTED

NEAR RIVER, OXON, BERKS, BUCKS.

WANTED TO PURCHASE, RESIDENCE, containing three reception rooms, six to eight bedrooms, modern conveniences, including electric light, Company's water, gas, garage, and tennis lawn. Above flood level.—TRESIDDER, 37, Albemarle Street, W. 1.

FOR AVAILABLE PROPERTIES IN OXFORD AND DISTRICT

Apply

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK,
LAND AGENTS, 140, HIGH STREET, OXFORD.

KILKENNY, IRELAND.

KILCREENE HOUSE.

IN THE CENTRE OF GOOD HUNTING COUNTRY.—Comfortable compact RESIDENCE with every modern improvement for health and comfort; electric light, central heating, etc.; stabling, 20 loose boxes; 100 acres rich pastureland.

Full particulars from

MCCREERY & SON, Auctioneers; Kilkenny, Ireland.

SHOOTINGS, FISHINGS, &c.

GOOD ROUGH PHEASANT SHOOT WANTED for 1929 season; about 600-1,000 acres, Hampshire, Suffolk or Norfolk.—Apply "L. W.," 19, Park Drive, Golders Green, N.W.

BOURNEMOUTH:

JOHN FOX, F.A.I.
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FOX & SONS

LAND AGENTS, BOURNEMOUTH

SOUTHAMPTON:

ANTHONY B. FOX, P.A.S.I.
Telegrams:
"Homefinder," Bournemouth.

NEAR ABERGAVENNY

PANDY STATION TWO MILES.

TO BE SOLD.

POSSESSION FEBRUARY 2ND NEXT.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE LITTLE HOLDING, on high ground, facing South and commanding good views. The House is probably of

TUDOR PERIOD,

well built of stone, with slated roof, and contains some

VERY FINE XVTH CENTURY FLUTED AND CARVED FERN PATTERN BEAMS.

Four bedrooms, sitting room, large kitchen with flagged floor, scullery, larder and offices.

Ample range of outbuildings, including stabling, cowhouses, implement shed, etc.

Water supply from spring pumped to house and buildings.



Full particulars of Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

LONG FRONTAGE TO A GOOD ROAD.

There is a total area of

91 ACRES.

With the exception of about sixteen acres of excellent arable, the whole is first-class pastureland, in good condition.

The House requires a little money spent upon it, and subject to this, the Property forms a most attractive small holding and can be purchased at the very moderate sum of

£2,000, FREEHOLD.**ALL TIMBER INCLUDED.**

No tithe or land tax.

WOULD BE SOLD WITH LESS LAND IF PREFERRED.

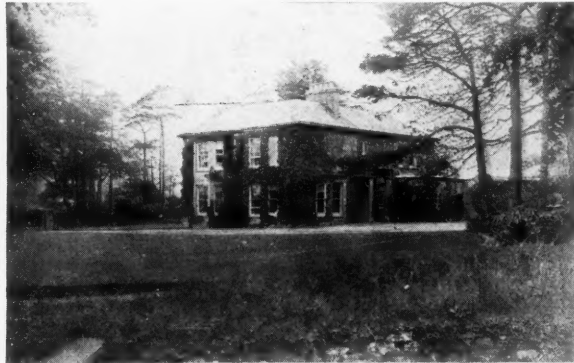
ON THE EDGE OF THE NEW FOREST

Commanding beautiful views over the Avon Valley.



TO BE SOLD, this picturesque old-fashioned HOUSE, possessing much old oak and facing due south; six bedrooms, bathroom, large drawing room, dining room, lounge hall, kitchen and offices; stabling, garage, outbuildings, cottage; private electric lighting plant. The grounds of about **TWELVE ACRES** comprise flower and vegetable gardens, pastureland, etc. Excellent fishing. Golf. Hunting with three packs.

REDUCED PRICE £3,350, FREEHOLD (or near offer).
Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF CORNWALL

Price and full particulars of Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

Within one-and-a-half miles of good country town, and stations of the G.W. Ry. and Southern Ry.

ONE MILE FROM THE ROYAL CORNWALL GOLF LINKS.

TO BE SOLD, this charming Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE with picturesque stone-built Residence, standing 400ft. above sea level and commanding very extensive hill and vale views. Eight bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, three reception rooms, lounge hall, good domestic offices; Company's water; garage, stabling, outbuildings, home farm, five cottages.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS and **GROUPS**, including shrubberies and plantations, lawns, herbaceous borders, excellent kitchen and fruit gardens, valuable pasture and arable lands; the whole extending to over

200 ACRES.

AT A BARGAIN PRICE. WITH RIVER FRONTAGE.
SUITABLE EITHER AS A PRIVATE RESIDENCE, A SCHOOL, OR FOR DEVELOPMENT.
CHRISTCHURCH, NEAR BOURNEMOUTH



Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

containing eleven bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms, three large reception rooms, sun loggia, lounge hall, housekeeper's room, butler's pantry, complete domestic offices.

GARAGE.

Main drainage and all public services.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS

with tennis lawn, fruit garden and orchard of a total area of about **THREE-AND-A-HALF ACRES.**

PRICE ONLY £3,000, FREEHOLD

More land available if required.

**HAMPSHIRE**

Eight minutes' walk from the sea front, close to shops and post office.

AN ATTRACTIVE OLD-WORLD FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, containing five bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, entrance hall, three reception rooms, kitchen, and offices; Company's gas and water, electric light, main drainage; garage, store house, heated greenhouse; well-matured gardens, including lawns, flower beds and borders, tennis court and kitchen garden with fruit trees; the whole extending to about

ONE ACRE. PRICE £3,500, FREEHOLD.

Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

HEART OF THE NEW FOREST**A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY RESIDENCE IN PERFECTION.**

Standing on rising ground in a much-sought-after locality.

Nine bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, three reception rooms, excellent domestic offices. Central heating.

Private electric light plant.

Good water supply.

GARAGE.**MODERN STABLING.**

Beautifully matured **PLEASURE GARDENS** and **GROUPS**, including tennis lawn, flower and herbaceous borders, productive kitchen garden, meadowland, woodland, the whole embracing an area of about

13½ ACRES.

Particulars of Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

**HAMPSHIRE**

ON THE FRINGE OF THE NEW FOREST.
DELIGHTFULLY placed old-fashioned Freehold RESIDENCE, recently modernised and in perfect repair throughout; four bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, two reception rooms, lounge, kitchen and offices; electric light, telephone; garage; well-matured grounds, including lawns, flower borders, kitchen garden; the whole comprising about **HALF-AN-ACRE.**

PRICE £2,000, FREEHOLD.

Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

FOX & SONS, BOURNEMOUTH (SEVEN OFFICES); AND SOUTHAMPTON

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY
88, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. 3.
Telephone: Sloane 6333.

UNIQUE BERKSHIRE ESTATE

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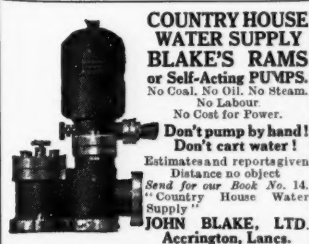
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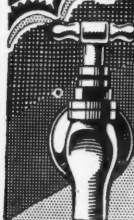
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The New Order in Farming

THE reports which are issued from time to time by Agricultural Colleges and University Departments of Agriculture reveal the fact that where farming follows the old traditional methods, without attempting to keep pace with modern demands, the financial results are still very unsatisfactory. But, in spite of the losses which are experienced by many, there are numbers of agriculturists who, if not actually receiving large profits, are yet making a satisfactory living. Sir John Russell recently organised a conference at Rothamsted to discuss the measures adopted by farmers in different parts of the country to cope with the existing economic conditions; and it was conclusively shown that the farmer who has weathered the storm is usually the one who has fearlessly departed from the old-time methods, or, in other words, has modernised his practice.

At the outset it is essential to observe that there is no solution which can be universally applied to the present problems. Even in a small country like Britain, farming systems vary considerably according to climatic and local conditions. The sheep farmer in the north or in Scotland has never been aware of any depression at all, but one could hardly suggest that the large arable farms of the eastern counties should be grassed down and turned into sheep runs. In the opinion of some, a solution is to be found

in the development of extensive farming as opposed to intensive farming, and Mr. C. S. Orwin of Oxford is a leading advocate of this principle. Mr. Orwin faces facts as they exist at present, and his solution for the arable farmer is to follow the Colonial agriculturist and beat him at his own game. One can see that this will mean large-scale farms, worked extensively with mechanical aid, so as to cut down manual labour to the minimum. There is much to be said for this method. It is economically sound if we are to be satisfied with present methods of marketing, but, from the national standpoint, it is hardly encouraging when one considers that it would diminish, instead of absorb, labour on the land.

In approaching the solution of agricultural problems it is, perhaps, well to bear in mind that, in a country which is faced with serious problems arising out of a large number of unemployed, any new system should, theoretically, aim at intensifying production, in the hope that as much labour as possible can be economically maintained. But under existing conditions it is, perhaps, difficult for an agriculturist to place national before personal considerations. The Rothamsted conference revealed the general trend of farming development in the arable counties. Colonel G. H. Long of Bury St. Edmunds regarded the introduction of the sugar beet crop as the salvation of the arable farmer in East Anglia. Viewed purely as a selling-off crop, sugar beet can hardly be regarded as a profitable venture, but its great value rests in the fact that the crown and top of the beet provide most valuable food for sheep and dairy cattle, and can, therefore, replace other root and forage crops which constitute a heavy labour expense on the farm. In Buckinghamshire, the Agricultural Organiser for the county indicated that more arable land was being laid down to grass, and, as a result, dairy farming was receiving greater attention. The treatment meted out to the grass-land is becoming intensified with the object of stimulating earlier and later bites of grass by the aid of nitrogenous manures. Labour saving on dairy farms is aided by the more extensive use of milking machines, while pig-breeders are changing over to pork production on the outdoor system in preference to bacon production.

Besides sugar beet, potatoes form another important selling-off crop, whose value is emphasised by results from Lincolnshire and Cheshire, and its cultivation on suitable soils has helped to save many arable farmers from disaster. In South Lincolnshire, on the potato-growing farms, agricultural depression is an unknown thing, and great advantage has been taken of all the recent research work in respect of methods of cultivation, manuring and treatment. Lincolnshire is one of the few counties which contain more arable land to-day than forty years ago, and the potato crop is primarily responsible for this fact. Here, again, it is not suggested that all arable counties are equally well fitted for potato production.

As farming systems are changing, so also are the rotations assuming unfamiliar forms. The old four-course rotation has suffered many modifications. Seeds leys are being left down for periods of three to four years. In other cases, the four course is being altered to a five or six course rotation, after the Lothian principle, which enables an extra selling-off crop in the form of potatoes or sugar beet to be grown.

Dr. A. G. Ruston, the Leeds University economist, speaking recently at Chelmsford, hinted that the most profitable farms were those with about two-thirds grass and one-third arable land, and this proportion is fairly well supported by experience elsewhere. But in no one particular treatment does the final solution of agricultural problems lie. Dr. Ruston asked a very pertinent question when he said, "Dare you or I or anyone else in the agricultural industry go to any political party and ask them to alter the definite policy of this country in order to help you when you have not yet done all you can to help yourselves?"

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COUNTRY NOTES

CHRISTMAS has come and gone—not that entirely serene and happy Christmas, perhaps, to which we looked forward, for this nation cannot keep holiday with a light heart when the life of the King is in jeopardy. As the days have passed, with their equivocal messages of anxiety and hope, our thoughts have turned again and again to that bedside by which our Queen and her family have kept untiring watch. In every home and every church through the length and breadth of the Empire the same prayer has been uttered, and the whole nation has been united during this Feast of Good Will by their anxiety for one whom every individual and every family in the land has long regarded not as a remote and exalted personage, but rather as a loved and respected friend. As we turn our thoughts forward and pray for the good things that 1929 may bring, we shall put first and foremost among them our universal hope that in a very few days the shadow may pass which has overcast us so untimely.

THE annual report just issued by the Royal Mint is written in so lively a style that it almost disarms any further hostile criticism of the new coinage. Sir Robert Johnson, the Deputy Master of the Mint, was evidently all agog to get a little of his own back after submitting for a whole year to the slings and arrows of an indignant public. So now that the shower has perceptibly diminished and indignation is giving way to indifference, he coolly steps into the open, admits all the objections to the new issue, repeats some of the jokes which have been cracked against it, waves his wand and begs to be excused. It reads like an epilogue to a comedy, but, delightful as the epilogue is, it scarcely reconciles us to the poor quality of the entertainment itself. It is good to know that B. M. are the initials of Sir Bertram Mackennal and do not signify "Birmingham made," and that the responsible authority was not napping when he allowed two G's to wander on to the half-crown; but these assurances do not make us any better pleased with the crop of acorns on our sixpences.

IF Lansdowne House comes into the market, as is not unlikely, the most beautiful of the eighteenth century "palaces" of London will be lost. Those that have already gone were not, if we are quite honest with ourselves, very remarkable architecturally, calm and retired as Devonshire House undoubtedly was. But Lansdowne House is just as retiring and much finer architecture. The circumstances of its building in the seventeen sixties are curious, for it was begun by Adam for Lord Bute when Prime Minister, and sold for £22,000 in 1765 to Lord Shelburne, when half finished, after Bute's fall. Bute, however, was to complete the building according to Adam's scheme and incorporating Shelburne's wishes. Beautiful as are the Adam rooms, the most impressive part is the gallery, designed by George Dance for the famous collection of antique sculpture. This is definitely one of the most magnificently conceived halls in this country,

particularly in daylight, when the light pours down into the apses at either end, leaving the main hall comparatively dim.

THERE is a well known golfing proverb, which is at least as true as most proverbs, to the effect that two up with five to play never won a match. It would be a bold man who should say the same of two up with three to play. That is now the position of our cricket team in Australia; and as, moreover, they have won both their victories with great ease, we have every right to feel confident about the third match at Melbourne. At the same time, the Australians fought so dauntlessly at Sydney in the face of hopeless odds that they will set out on their third adventure with perceptibly higher hearts. As they never ask quarter, so we need not expect to see them give any, and if ever they gain a winning advantage, they will "rub it in" for all they are worth. It is characteristic of their dour spirit that their great batsman, Macartney, who has been writing accounts of the matches, criticised Chapman for not sending in Hobbs and Sutcliffe to make the fifteen runs required, and so, if possible, winning by ten wickets instead of by eight. Meanwhile, we, over here, shall await the announcement of the next Australian team with peculiar interest, because there seems every prospect of R. H. Bettington being chosen. No athlete from overseas has ever made more friends in England than he did from the year he went up to Oxford and began to collect blues. Let him take no matter how many of our wickets, we shall be delighted to see him play.

THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

How far from town? Two hundred miles?
The old man in the corner smiles,
Sits forward, face alert and keen;
Two hundred happy miles we've been!

Oh weary miles! We others sleep,
Or gaze like inattentive sheep.
Though birch trees stand in sunlight, bare
By ruffled streams, we do not care.

Red earth he loves, pale blackthorn trees,
And strutting rooks; nor less than these,
The clouds that come and go again,
With sudden, scarce-remembered rain.

He's older than the birches far,
Yet younger than their first buds are.
You're thirty-nine, I'm forty-three,
What lovely elfin age is he?

M. D. BAYNES.

THE records of fishery boards usually see more cases of fresh pollution than occasions where the Chairman can report a general improvement in the state of affairs. The meeting of the Trent Fishery Board at Derby represented one of these great and all too seldom occasions, for Sir Albert Ball was able to say that the Board's work was already beginning to bear fruit and that a few salmon had already been seen in the river. The happy case of Trent is not yet borne out by the neighbouring river Derwent, for there pollution is still rife; but the Derby Corporation have undertaken to carry out a scheme of river and drainage improvement which will cost them some forty thousand pounds. It is to be hoped that many other important towns will follow the example of Derby and set their rivers in order. The continuance of the long-standing abuse of using our rivers as natural drains for all kinds of noxious industrial wastes must be stopped at all costs. Health authorities and water engineers have come forward to point out the precarious nature of our remaining unpolluted fresh-water supplies, and the demand for clean rivers is far more than an attempt to restore the fish which delight the contemplative angler. Fish are the symbol of the health of the waters, and this is intimately bound up with the health of the community in general.

CRICKETERS have often felt that football players take up an unduly large part of the cricket season, beginning to encroach, as they do, in August, and only giving up

reluctantly at the end of April. Now something is to be done to redress this state of things, for two teams, not necessarily of eminent cricketers, but one of them captained by that eminent person, Mr. J. C. Squire, will play a match on New Year's Day. What is more, they will play it on the most historic of all English cricket grounds, Broadhalfpenny at Hambledon. The players will, we are told, appear superficially in white flannels, but no inquisitorial demands will be made as to how they have fortified themselves underneath. It would be interesting to know whether cricket has ever been played before in midwinter. Old Nyren makes no mention of it, but we are told that throughout the winter "many a Hampshire barn" resounded with the noise of bat and ball as well as of thrashing. David Harris, the greatest of the old bowlers, was also a great practiser. May it not be that on some winter afternoon he crept away in solitude to Broadhalfpenny and sent down a few balls in the slate-coloured twilight? We shall never know, so Mr. Squire must at least have the credit of making history.

A GOOD many people complain, and not without reason, that our theatrical managers are rather too prone to import plays from America. It is, therefore, rather interesting to learn—and, perhaps, there is a touch of malign satisfaction in our interest—that there has been something very like a slump in the theatres of New York. There has never, we are told, been so bad a season, more than half the hundred or so plays produced since August have been, financially, failures, and no fewer than five-and-twenty theatres are now closed. The poverty of plays, one of the reasons given, is always with us, but there is another and newer reason, namely, the invention of the "talking films." The danger is, so far, only threatening us here, but, presumably, it will be on us in full force, and then our managers will lament more loudly than ever. Talking films do not appear attractive to those of us who have not seen them, but people find, so we are assured, a certain satisfaction in making sure of a good seat at about a third of the price they would pay to see, perhaps uncomfortably, the orthodox drama. Superficially, at any rate, this is not a wholly unreasonable view.

MR. TOWNSEND WARNER, a well known Harrow master, once wrote an admirable little book on the writing of English. Among other examples there was a story told in various forms of journalese and, finally, in "good English." Unless the pupil was moderately wide awake, he did not discover till he came to the last version that it was the story of the Good Samaritan. Dr. George B. Franklin, of the College of Business Administration of Boston University, seems to be, in a sense, reversing this process, for he is asking his pupils in journalism to write "human interest" stories in their best journalese, with headlines, about Hamlet. Imagining them to be eager young reporters, he gives to each an "assignment," such as "Prince Hamlet is reported mad. There is a good story there," or "People are interested in the rumour that the King's ghost has been seen. Track that story to its foundation." Some elements of verisimilitude will, naturally, be lacking in this exercise, for the students, in the search for spicy gossip about the Prince's love affair with Ophelia, cannot ring the Palace bell and be snubbed for their pains by the Royal footman. It is idle to deny that Dr. Franklin's scheme makes us feel at first a little ill, but, after all, his students may benefit by reading *Hamlet* and Shakespeare and, in any case, will be none the worse.

"GAZOOMPHING" will become an indictable offence if Lord Gorell's Mock Auctions Bill passes through the Commons. Apparently, gangs of people travel up and down the country, visiting seaside resorts particularly, and hold sham auctions of worthless goods into which the unwary are drawn. By means of mass excitement and sheer trickery they are got to bid exorbitant prices, while accomplices in the crowd, known as "ricks" and "gees," by means of a secret code, acquaint the auctioneer with the probable amount of money in the purses present.

"Deuce phunt" (on the authority of Lord Gorell) means five pounds, "Uncle Ben" means ten, while to "gazoomph a sarker" is to relieve an affluent greenhorn of his money by a trick. Lord Darling's recent Auctions Bidding Act protects the honest seller from dishonest buyers, and has already had good effect. If Lord Gorell's interest in crime, and investigation of the lesser-known recesses of the English language, result in dishonest sellers being restrained, auctions will become reasonably safe even for the most foolish (and honest) of purchasers.

THE cynic who classed London pedestrians as "the quick or the dead" has abundant material for reflection in the recent Scotland Yard return of street accidents. Of the three hundred and seven deaths, one hundred and thirteen are directly attributable to crossing the road without due care. Of these, thirty-three were cases of faltering or hesitation. The list of statistics shows private motor cars involved in over ten thousand accidents, with ninety deaths, and motor cycles in over forty-seven hundred accidents, with fifty-six deaths; but motor omnibuses, with thirty-seven deaths to some seventeen hundred accidents, appear to be the most dangerous class of vehicle. It would be interesting to know further figures, for these records do not indicate even approximately the number of the different kinds of vehicle on our streets, and in the education of the pedestrian an appreciation of the element of risk attached to each particular class of traffic might be of value. Inevitably, as traffic increases so do traffic risks, but if we consider the matter in terms of travel and mileage covered by an increasing body of road users, as the nation now is, it is probable that, despite the terrible roll of accidents, we still travel farther and with less risk than we ever did before.

FROM A FIELD NEAR DAVENTRY.

This scenery no classic beauty yields,
No lovely shock of colour or of line
But greens with blues, and blues with greys combine
In quiet comeliness of woods and fields.
Now in this August drowsiness there are
Few sounds to wake the noon; the passing hum
Of traffic, and the sounds of cattle come
As from a distance, thin and faint and far.

Yet, though unheard, upon this very air
A thousand voices day and night are flung
To the world's ends, and music pulsing swung
From the tall masts that stand so mutely there;
And hourly from their heights a million words
Dart forth and scatter like a flock of birds.

DIANA CARROLL.

NITRO-CHALK, the new fertiliser, forms the subject of an interesting note in the Ministry of Agriculture's Journal for December. It is interesting because it would seem to mark the end of the interminable discussions that ensue whenever two or three farmers are gathered together to discuss the relative merits of sulphate of ammonia and nitrate of soda as top-dressings for cereals. As a matter of fact, the advantages and disadvantages of each are quite well established. Sulphate of ammonia is held firmly in the soil and is gradual in action, the nitrogen being available to assist growth over a fairly long period. This is an advantage in wet seasons, but a disadvantage when a very quick and immediate stimulus is aimed at in dry weather. Nitrate of soda, on the other hand, becomes very rapidly available—so rapidly, indeed, that some of it is apt to be washed out of the soil before the plant can make use of it if weather conditions are unsuitable. If we could foretell the weather, we should, therefore, apply nitrogen as ammonia in wet periods for an early top-dressing, and nitrogen as nitrate in dry periods for a late dressing. Apparently, however, this prophetic foresight will no longer be required of us, for nitro-chalk has come along, with half its nitrogen in one form and half in the other, together with sufficient lime to allow of the necessary chemical reactions without drawing on any of that supplied in the soil. We can, therefore, "have it both ways"—a highly satisfactory and very rare experience in this difficult world.

SHEEP of FELL, FJELD, FIELD and FEN



"THEY DID LOOK SHEEPISH."

WHAT is there in a sheep? Well, most people will tell you just nothing at all! But I am not so sure of that—I mean from the mental, not the mutton, point of view. We grant the sheep is "all there" in the latter respect, whether it be the fine Romney Marsh sheep on the reclaimed fens of that south-eastern corner of Kent, the picturesque little Herdwick on the fells of the Lake District, a Shetland sheep on its island moors, or some other breed somewhere else, say, a Scandinavian sheep at a saether on the fjelds. Yes, one and all *are* "all there" from the mutton side of the question, but are any of them "all there" in the other respect; in short, has a sheep any brains?

Most persons will reply, "none at all," and leave it at that; but then, the majority of people take little interest in sheep, except in the afore-mentioned mutton respect. Our very sayings illustrate the poor opinion the public has of this useful animal—"like a lot of silly sheep," "as foolish as a sheep," etc., while the simple single word "sheep!" suitably stressed, can make the stoutest quail!

Certainly no one likes to be compared with a sheep, a creature, according to popular estimation, without personality, initiative or wits, and with but one well marked trait, its tendency to follow its fellows. Of course, sheep do follow one another, being herd animals they have this primitive instinct of the social creature strongly developed; but are we, the most social of all the inhabitants of the globe, so superior to it that we can afford to despise the simple sheep just because it likes to keep with its neighbours and follow the flock?

The other day, out hunting, a horrid afternoon, the wind rocking the trees and stinging rain driving in one's face, while hounds in vain tried to pick up the scent of a fox which the wind had blown away, I said to myself I had had enough, and, turning my horse about, set off down the woodland ride at a sharp hand canter for home, but had not gone five hundred yards before I discovered half a dozen people pounding at my heels. "Where are you folk going?" I asked, pulling up and facing them. "I—er—don't quite know," answered the first one. "We—er—thought you had seen something, or heard something, or were going somewhere, don't you know!" "I only know that I'm off home—good evening!" I answered, and went, leaving the half-dozen horsemen and horsewomen looking sheepishly at one another.

Yes, they did look sheepish: they had followed me as thoughtlessly as sheep, with about as much reasoning as to where they were going and why, and then we complain of sheep because they are sheepish! When we are so apt to follow a leader or merely the crowd, what can we deduct from this deeply ingrained habit of the sheep's? Well, one thing is that it is very useful to the shepherd. The finest shepherds and sheep dogs in the world would never bring sheep off the fells if it were not for their impulse to run together when alarmed. The excited flock hangs together; and as I write that I think of a great "round up" in Westmorland, when the fells had been scoured for days before by keen men and dogs, and every picturesque long-woolled little Herdwick ewe brought in from the most remote crags, until the valley was filled with baa-ing and even the air breathed sheep.



"SHEPHERDS AND LASSES A-SHEEPSHEARING GO."

From far and near came sheep and men and dogs, for several neighbouring farmers were going to clip their sheep together, and all their friends and relatives had come to help. What a busy scene it was, men clipping, women winding up and carrying off the fleeces, with, behind the sheepfolds, the whitewashed farmhouse, and brooding over all the purple-grey hills.

Now what chance, under these conditions of crowd, stress and push, has a sheep, even a curly-horned old ram, of showing individuality or initiative? None whatever, no more than one of us in the Derby-going crowd on its way to Epsom.

It is the same if you go into the southern counties, into the fertile fields of the Romney Marsh plain, where the great white-faced sheep are so thick on the land and the flocks are such large ones. No, there is no room here for a sheep to exhibit character, or wits, or anything but a good fleece and a good carcass of mutton.

Now contrast with the comfortable sheep of England the sheep of the outer islands, such as the Shetland sheep on its gale-swept, treeless pastures, where it picks a scanty living among the stunted heather and peat hags; or a Scandinavian sheep climbing the snow-capped fjelds of Norway. These latter are not hustled and hustled about in a crowd, but have to use their individual wits. I am thinking of a small flock of sheep at Hjerkin on the Dovre Fjeld, some seven or eight ewes, with their picturesque white lambs frisking at their heels, headed by an old lady wise in the ways of the hills, whose tinkling bell (she wore a cow bell on a collar about her neck) could be heard wherever the best grazing was to be had. But, though the wide fjelds were free to her, that bell was not needed. There was no fear of her wandering very far. She watched the cowboy, who also fed the sheep, with the eyes of a hawk, and whenever he appeared with a bowl in his hand, made straight for him, or else took a bee line to a flat-topped rock which served better than any feeding trough. The corn was spread on this, and the sheep speedily nibbled it up, after which the tinkling of her bell told how the old ewe was taking her twin lambs down the road where a little green grass was springing about the wayside boulders. You could always depend on finding Madame in a warm, sheltered spot, where the grazing was good; and when she had made up her mind to visit a place she exhibited most pig-headed determination to get there.

There was a plot of grass in front of the house, which, as the animals were kept off it, had reached the luxuriant length of about an inch and a half, and this the old ewe discovered.



A CANNY BODY FROM THE ISLES.

It did not matter how often she was turned off it, how often she was driven through the gate, and that gate carefully shut behind her, she contrived to find a way back. She watched the gate like a cat watching a mouse-hole, and if it was left ajar for a moment, she was through. The cowboy and the cowgirls, to say nothing of the household staff, spent much of their time driving her out.

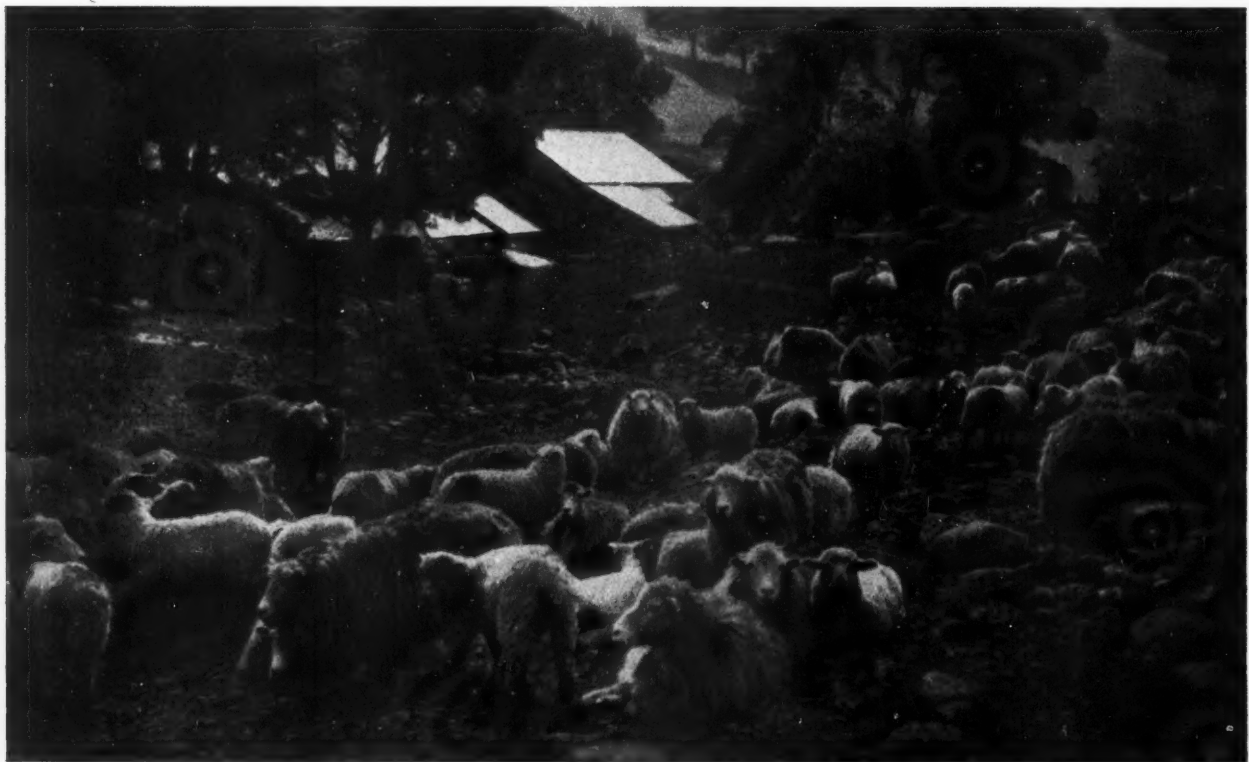
Now, compare with this old lady the strange goat-like sheep of the Shetlands, of every unsheeplike hue and variety, from brown (moorit) and black to white, with their look of patient endurance mingled with cunning, and again we find that

wits are not lacking. They have the primitive sheep impulses to run together when alarmed, to follow one another when driven; but feed is scarce and, under ordinary circumstances, it is every sheep for himself or herself, each wandering off to pick a hard living among the heather and rocks or even off the seaweed on the shore.

I remember peeping from a bird-photographing hide and receiving quite a shock, for close to my tent stood a shaggy black animal, with weird light eyes that contemplated my shelter with a nervous stare, while from its mouth hung a long ribbon of seaweed. It was *not* a sea serpent or other strange monster from the ocean depths, but merely an old black ewe; however, she would have passed quite easily for the Old Gentleman in person. But what interested me was to see her getting a living on the seashore, picking up this and that, and evidently finding many a tasty morsel.

To go back to the sheep of Westmorland and Cumberland, it must not be thought, because I used a Lake District clipping as an illustration of the conditions under which a sheep has no chance of showing initiative, that I meant to deny the fell sheep its wits. It has them, and far more of them than many persons would believe. For instance, despite the fact that the sheep wander far out over the tops, they know well enough where home is, and come down to the farmstead in bad weather. The sheep of each farm come back to it, for which reason, when a farmer leaves his farm, it is customary for him to leave a certain number of ewes for the incoming tenant to "take to." Strange sheep might be lost on the fells, but not the natives.

With regard to the question of sheep coming home in bad weather, Jill was a good instance of this. Jill, in the beginning of things, was a miserable little lamb whose mother had died, and my mother said she would rear her. Under mother's careful feeding the lamb flourished, and as "the Missus was doing the kaed lamb so well, she had better have the others!" "The



WHEN SHEEP ARE MERELY SHEEP.



THE HUNGRY SHEEP LOOK DOWN.

others" consisted of three more lambs, one being the offspring of a ewe that had brought a quartet into the world, another one of twins whose dam did not like the look of it, while in case number three the ewe had died. Thus my mother had four lambs on her hands, and they grew into most splendid sheep. From the first, Jill stood out by herself, being so well grown, and showing such cheek and determination. Mark Antony (whose sex was belied by her name!) was also a character, but Jill remained the favourite. Talk about "silly sheep," the trouble with those hand-reared lambs was that they were not silly! What they wanted to do they did, and that without regard for people, dogs or fences. They knew us all, they knew their way about the farm and they knew the dogs. When the unfortunate sheep dog was sent to bring up the flock "the kaed lambs" (as they were called even when old, old sheep) would draw apart, turn about and face him. They shook their

heads and stamped their feet, and knowing exactly how very hard their heads were, even harder than the shepherd's stick, the collie let discretion be the better part of valour, and gave them a wide berth. Sometimes he tried barking at them, but that was no good at all, and only waste of breath.

The "kaed" lambs could not be driven, but they could be led, particularly if they thought there was anything to be had. Jill was especially quick in responding to my mother's voice, baa-ing at once when she heard it and coming to the call. To the last, when an old sheep, she always remembered my mother, and turned without hesitation when called. Even Mark Antony, who was never such a pet, was nearly as friendly. But as they did not condescend to notice the shepherd, and, as I have said, set his dog, Jim, at defiance, they were not pets in other quarters. In fact, the man hated them. They were, probably, the cause of more strong language being used than



ON THE DOVREFELD.

any animals we ever had on the place. They did not go with the rest of the sheep, but kept themselves apart; when they wanted a change of pasture they took it, having their private gaps in every fence, and when the weather was stormy they came home to the stackyard. No matter where they had been put or how far from the farm buildings, it made no difference, they just came back.

"Silly sheep," indeed! Poor old Jill, *she* was not wanting in character or wits, neither was Mark Antony; the only trouble was they had too much, and were not mere silly sheep.

I fear that on the black day when Jill, rolling to rub a tickling spot in the middle of her broad back, rolled into a ditch, and was subsequently found lying there, dead, two hearts did not droop with woe, namely, those of the man who looked after the sheep, and Jim the dog.

I am sure that those two would have answered the question with which we began this article, "has a sheep any brains?" with an emphatic, "All sheep have more or less wits, and these two ewes had far more intelligence than any sheep ought to have."

FRANCES PITT.

A MORAL FOR THE NEW YEAR

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

ABOUT this season of the year something in the nature of a topical, or, at any rate, a moderately appropriate, article is demanded from the hard-worked golfing writer. There are several choices open to him. He can write a review of the past year to the effect that A has improved and B fallen off, while C is extremely promising; that it is a pity Miss W no longer plays in the Ladies' Championship; that our amateurs must really do better next time in the Walker Cup, and that the Americans are better than us because they practise more. From that choice I recoil; it is really too inexpressibly dreary, and I should go to sleep while writing it. Well, then, I might essay a jolly, Dickensy, plum pudding kind of article all about going to stay with a party of friends in a pleasant house on a favourite course and playing the most cheerful of foursomes. Yet, somehow, I seem to have done that once or twice before, and had better, perhaps, give it a rest this year. Again, I might write about good golfing resolutions for the New Year, such as always being up and taking the stronger of two clubs when in doubt. Here, again, there seems something vaguely familiar. My readers, I am glad to think, do not remember my writings as well as I do myself, but still I can fancy one of them throwing his COUNTRY LIFE on the floor and saying, "This fellow's a bore. I've read all this a hundred times."

Here, then, is a desperate situation, and in my despair I have turned to another trusty old friend, my golfing diary of the beginning of this century. That is, I find, usually a dangerous course to pursue, because I invariably lose myself in turning over page after page. I hug myself gloatingly over my victories, I feel something of bitterness still arising over defeats, and I spend a considerable portion of my time in wondering who the deuce were Jones and Smith with whom I enthusiastically declared myself to have had that "Capital match. Great fun." Consequently, the article I had intended does not, as a rule, get written, but this time I stuck religiously to my business, which was to look at the entries in successive New Year's Days and see if I could not get some good moral out of them for my fellow-golfers.

The diary dealt with four years, and in three out of the four the first of January was spent at Aberdovey. The entries were, however, quite prosaic. I noted on one day two nice little rows of figures ending in 76 and 77 respectively—a cheering start for the year; and on another a record of two whole rounds, and then another twelve holes. What youthful energy, and how early we must have got up in those times to play eight and forty holes in a short winter's day! The fourth entry of a day spent not at Aberdovey, but Woking, was rather more interesting. It had, clearly, been a bad, sad beginning of the year. A certain A. C. had beaten me twice, and to the bare statement of that fact there was added this feverish postscript: "Driving dreadfully uncertain. Must learn to drive, somehow. Am ducking horribly." When I wrote that I was, doubtless, in the state of mind of a child who is told that he cannot, for some excellent reason, be allowed any cake. He thinks that there will never be any more cake in all the world, and I thought that I never should learn to drive or desist from ducking.

It seemed to me that a moral might be discovered by following up my career in that January which had begun so tragically. I did not, it appears from the diary, play again for five whole days. Very possibly, I had not the heart for it and was groaning dismally, like Mr. Winkle, with my head buried in the sofa cushions. On the sixth, however, there was some improvement, for I find "Driving fairly good." Incidentally, that was at Royston, where there is plenty of space, most encouraging to a man frightened of his wooden clubs. A week later, on the 17th, there is no specific mention of driving, but two victories are recorded and quite a respectable score. On the 14th there is a song of triumph, "Driving really quite long and, with one or two aberrations,

very straight." That must have been splendid and I wish I could remember it better. There is a further note which to-day gives me some cynical amusement, namely, "Ground frozen." Can it be, I wonder, that it was the hard ground that made my driving appear "really long"? The circumstances are suspicious to say the least, but I will give myself the benefit of the doubt, because it appears that after another interval, on the 20th, I played in a team match against a famous ex-champion on what was more or less his own course, and beat him. Moreover, I am said to have been "driving very well." And, in point of fact, I remember the match and I *did* drive rather well.

Here, then, three weeks after that deplorable New Year's Day, I was triumphant and happy. Alas! Nemesis awaited the boaster. On the very next day, the 21st, came the crash. It was that confounded A. C. again. He beat me once more, and that handsomely. The comment is "Played very bad" (my grammar was even worse than my golf), and further, "Irritable and without pluck." That is an honest comment, at any rate, but what a truly unpleasant opponent I must have been that day, and how poor A. C. must have suffered! My misery was this time profound, for though, on the 27th, I won the final of a tournament for the captain's prize, it was only "after a damnable display." Do not weep for me, however, for on the 31st I went round in 74—"pretty good considering the very muddy condition of the course." I can still remember the mud of that noisome course, and I can lay my hand on my heart and say that, in one sense, I did not flatter myself. If I really did go round in 74, as to which I express no opinion, it really was "pretty good."

"Well," the reader may say, if he has waded so far, "you have talked a great deal about yourself and your quite uninteresting matches, but where is that moral you promised us?" Nevertheless, there is a moral. It is a two-sided one, and can best be expressed, perhaps, in two proverbial sayings, "It is darkest before the dawn" and "Pride goes before a fall." The record of that month's games is, I contend, an admirably typical one. It illustrates the ups and downs that come to most of us. We have first utter gloom, then the gloom is relieved by some "tip" which makes us play rather better. We come to believe that the tip is, in truth, the whole secret of golf: we play confidently, we win, we think ourselves devilish fine fellows, and then on the morrow—crash! the tip is proved utterly fallacious, we are badly beaten and take the beating all the worse because we had been growing so conceited. However, we are now thoroughly crushed, we begin to build up our game again on humble foundations and once more we are "pretty good." And it is thus that we shall go on, sometimes depressed and sometimes triumphant to the end of time.

If we are depressed, one side of the moral applies. We must not believe that, because we are hooking now, we shall hook to all eternity. It seems impossible, yet it is, humanly speaking, certain that in a day or two the ball will abandon that malignant curve into the left-hand rough and fly straight down the course. It may even take a curve to the right, which would be much worse, but, as we want cheering, we will say nothing about that. The other side of the moral is not to believe with too much conviction that we shall always hole putts because we are holing them to-day and were holing them yesterday. Such a belief tends to disappointments so very bitter. At any rate, if we cannot help half believing it, we had better say nothing about it. It is the sort of remark that unkind friends cherish and bring up against us. It is also a pity to think that our fours—a drive, a half-hit brassey, a rather good scuffle and a 5ft. putt—are intrinsically the same as Mr. Bobby Jones's four—a drive, a light iron, and a putt in and out of the hole for three—because there is really so very little likeness between them. However, I must not be too bitter so soon after Christmas-time.

THE RETRIEVER CHAMPIONSHIP



THE LINE ADVANCING THROUGH A BRACKEN ROUGH.

A BIG field trial is, officially, a test of the dogs—but, unofficially, it can also be rather a trial to the guns as well. It is not always easy to accede to a polite request to drop a bird in exactly the quarter or condition an official suggests, and one must admit to a feeling of distinct respect for the field-trial gun who satisfies a keenly critical and not entirely uninterested following line.

The number of excuses available to owners, handlers and others whose charges fail to take honours rank is almost inexhaustible, and they are so plausible that you feel certain that they are victims of the darkest conspiracy of circumstance. On the other hand, the judges are equally deserving of sympathy, for, so long as a field trial is a real field trial, it is impossible for every dog to be served with precisely the same series of shots under the same conditions. Wind, scent, cover, distance and all sorts of factors intervene. The element of natural chance must rank very fairly high, but very certainly the judges do their best to give a level range of opportunities to the competitors.

The human element at the trial—judges, guns and handlers—is, therefore, preoccupied and serious, but the competitors themselves have a jolly good time, or, rather, a sedately good time. Any dog having too obvious a good time, such as chasing a hare and shouting, "Come on, you fellows!" to his more respectable competitors, may get sent home in disgrace; but, on the whole, the dogs, successful or unsuccessful, seem to enjoy the day enormously. They are not worried about the final order of merit. Perhaps this is just as well, for, though a master may regretfully have to part with a dog when he becomes worth many hundreds of guineas, dogs seldom consider changing a master.

The Retriever Championship of the International Gun Dog League was held at Idsworth, Horndean, Hampshire, by kind permission of Countess Howe. It is a kind of final contest for the Championship and is only open to dogs of outstanding merit who have won at other trials. You get the *élite* of

retrievers—black Labradors, yellow Labradors, flat-coated retrievers, golden retrievers; but the winners of puppy stakes—the *jeunesse Labradorée*, so to speak—and minor events, such as non-winners' stakes, are not eligible.

The result is an event attended by the purest aristocracy of the retriever world and a small but extremely knowledgeable field of spectators who have come to see super-dogs at work.

The proceedings cannot honestly be described as spectacular, but they represent the accepted highest possible standard of gun-dog training. An expert handler produces his results with the deft silence of a good conjuror. Some are rather dourly self-conscious, others are more expansive, and kindle to a good gallery. Others have something of the innate genius of a born showman—the quip to the judge—the deft but illustrative gesture. There is, perhaps, very little in it; but when points run close every little thing helps. Handling is an art.

Idsworth presents an ideal ground for field trials, and the Countess Howe has more or less devoted the estate to this purpose rather than to more formal covert shooting, for which it was so celebrated in the past. The ground is pleasantly undulating downland heath, with massed oak woods, occasional fir plantations and here and there fine avenues of old beeches or close-ranked yews. Extensive forestry operations have left large bare areas on which undergrowth from old stumps and seedlings is now beginning to thrive man-high. There are wide roughs of bracken, now dull gold over the tussocks of ling and heather, and they

hold pleasantly scattered birds which rise to the advance of the slow line and give just the kind of bird, seemingly easy, which nevertheless really tests a dog: a strong runner in an impenetrable tangle of wet foliage where scent is never good.

There is a duck pond in a glade beneath tall trees—the water test for the competitors. On a cold morning, when the mist still hangs solid and still and the night's ground frost is breathing out of the soil, a dog may almost humanly suggest that it is a cold day for a swim;



SUCCESS IN THE WATER TEST.



MAJOR MAURICE PORTAL, THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (VICE-PRESIDENT) AND COUNTESS HOWE WITH THE CHAMPION, BALMUTO JOCK.

but that sympathetic explanatory little shudder on the brink, if prolonged, means a black mark in the judge's book. The aristocracy of dogdom faced the dark water like sea-lions, with the exception of one lady retriever, whose general attitude suggested that she could do it, but, really, it was only a duck, plain for everyone to see, and, surely, some of those gentleman dogs, already wet, would fetch for her and save a lady getting drenched on a cold morning! At last she faced her responsibilities, but her look as she left the bank inferred that the wet, but self-satisfied, competitors were a mannerless lot of lounge lizards to put her to the trouble.

A wheel through bracken was mixed with a little beat taken at right angles to the line, which gave us some nice crossing birds and three or four woodcock, and some of the neatest and quickest dogwork of the day.

All the dogs showed speed—the real top-gear sprint, with enormous acceleration and a covering range—but, whether this particular accentuation of speed is altogether a benefit is open to question. Casual observation suggests that the slightly less speedy and hurrying dog brings in the game rather more quickly than the swift dog which overruns and casts wide before the eventual success. The field-trial dog has enormous merits, but the conservation of energy is important in practice, and no small amount of the criticism levelled against modern field-trial practice comes from the moors. There a lasting, long-day efficiency is required, and, though speed is appreciated, it must be coupled with endurance if the enhanced practical utility of the gun-dog is to be the end of our work of breeding and training.

A beat through a bracken rough beneath tall trees provided some real tests. A right and left dropped a pheasant and a woodcock within ten yards of each another. Elwy Rita, Mr. Patrick Barrett's flat-coated retriever bitch, brought in the pheasant perfectly. Another dog was sent for the 'cock but, despite hard work, failed. Rita was then called again and brought in the second bird in splendid time. There were very few failures, despite the great difficulties some of the birds presented, and on the points of style it was hardly possible for even the expert to discern any variations in the magnificent standard which seemed to be common to all the contestants.

A short drive provided some good birds back behind the line; then lunch at the farm and a presentation of a clock to the head keeper. In the afternoon the guns worked through a wide belt of copse. Then came a regrettable scandal. One of the super-dogs chased a rabbit. To this dreadful crime he added further iniquity by transferring his attention from the rabbit to a hare, which he hunted whole-heartedly while his handler gave a wholly unappreciated *obbligato* on the whistle.

Against this must be chronicled the magnificent restraint of a golden retriever which was almost knocked over by a large jack hare in a great hurry. Puss swerved not more than eighteen inches from that dog's nose, he was loose, yet he did not move a step. He only put his ears up and looked amused. It was a beautiful exhibition of perfect behaviour under most trying circumstances.

Later, there was a sudden fit of yelping, and we heard the sad news that a dog had had an attack of canine hysteria. There have been several cases of this at field trials recently, and there seems to be little doubt that the disease is increasing, though for the moment there are only theories concerning its origin.

The weather for this first day of the trial was ideal, and the early mist soon rolled away before the wintry sun, but the days are short, and dusk was changing to dark before the field reached their cars. All dogs but four were called on to work again on the second day. The results of the trial amply confirmed the impression one had arrived at during the first day. Countess Howe's F.T. Champion, Balmuto Jock, was first; Colonel Thynne's

F.T. Champion, Mintnam Raven, second; H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala's F.T. Champion, Banchory Ben, third; Sir Malcolm Murray's Banchory Tern fourth; and Lord Middleton's Velvet and Mr. Rottenburg's Fintry Rex were bracketed equal reserve.

Lady Howe's victory is a remarkable testimony to Balmuto Jock, for it is his second conquest of the championship, and he has countless minor victories to his credit, including ten open stakes, besides these two champion stakes—a wonderful record for any gundog. It is also pleasant to know that this victory was won by a dog handled by his owner, who, in this case, is one who has done so much to advance the best interests of field trials and has been the kindly sponsor of so many dog days at Idsworth.

TIBET TO-DAY

The People of Tibet, by Sir Charles Bell, K.C.I.E., C.M.G. Demy 8vo, illustrated. (Oxford University Press, 21s.)

IN 1924 was published the first volume of a series by Sir Charles Bell, K.C.I.E., C.M.G., on Tibet. This was called "Tibet, Past and Present," and dealt with the history of the country. Now the second volume has appeared, which is even more welcome. Like all closed countries, Tibet has been surrounded for many centuries with a glamour of romance that, perhaps, hardly exists in fact; but, owing to the great heights and seclusion, and the great physical difficulty of access, much of what has been written about the country previously has been suspect, and, undoubtedly, many of the facts have been garbled and exaggerated to excite the interests of a public which were ready to believe almost anything. It is, perhaps, in dispelling many of this long-living and vigorous crop of rumours that the author has done the greatest service, for he writes about the people and a country which he has known intimately for many years.

The second volume will certainly prove of greater interest to many readers than the first, as it deals with the people themselves and shows them to be very like hill people the world over, accustomed to bearing great hardship without complaint, cheerful, with a great sense of humour, open-handed and generous, but extremely conservative and retaining to a large extent the feudal system which has some points in common with what existed in this country in the Middle Ages. The author undoubtedly paints them in the best colours, and others who have tried to enter the country, or have travelled under less auspicious circumstances, have had a different story to tell; but, after reading the present volume, one must believe in Sir Charles Bell's version, as he saw the people under natural conditions, and as friends, instead of in a constant atmosphere of suspicion and antipathy. Few Englishmen, if any, have seen so much of Tibet, and certainly none since Captain Bower made his adventurous journey across northern Tibet in 1894.

Sir Charles Bell describes not only the customs and habits and appearances of every class of Tibetan from the beggars, the shepherds and herdsmen and peasants, to the traders and nobility, but also their daily life; and therein lies much of the charm of this volume, for it proves his affection for the people, and also that he is astute enough to realise that the minutiae of their lives are as important as the main events. For it is in the minutiae that they differ so greatly from the rest of the world. No ordinary travel book can hope to describe the intimate life

of a people, a knowledge of which can only be gained by years of contact.

It is difficult to pick out any special feature when all is so good, but perhaps what the author has brought most to the fore is the fact that Tibet is not the country steeped in devil-worship and in the backward state that most people imagine. They make their lives after a fashion that seems to suit both the people and the country. That they are cheerful and happy according to their lights is made obvious in almost every page of this book.

Although Sir Charles Bell's account is so thorough, there is not a dull page. He has avoided with great skill the pitfalls of giving statistical information which is so alarming to the average reader. He is to be complimented on writing a great and much needed work and on collecting such an excellent set of illustrations which go so well with the text. It is to be hoped that we shall not have to wait long for the next volume of the series on the subject of the religion of Tibet and the connection between church and people.

E. C.

Last Changes, Last Chances, by H. W. Nevins. (Nisbet, 15s.)

FEW men have had so great chances, few taken active part in so many changes, as H. W. Nevins, essayist, journalist, war correspondent; few men have used those chances so well, or viewed those changes with such wise humour, illogical sympathy and whole-hearted interest. The two previous volumes of his reminiscences, it will be remembered, took him to the eve of the Great War; the present dates from that period to two years ago, the most vital years of a long and well filled life. Though there is great interest in his experiences as war correspondent in France and in the Near East, it is his work during the Irish troubles that brings out much that will be new to many readers, and is that part of the book that is written, as they say, with his heart's blood. An Englishman born and bred, his invariable headlong sympathy with the under-dog made him more of an Irishman than the Irish themselves, and this is, I think, the first serious account of what is, for an Englishman, the reverse side of the picture. Nevins went not as a hot-headed Irish patriot, but as a sober Englishman, pledged by his calling to an impartial account, and his report of those terrible months becomes an appalling indictment of the English Government's policy. His unflinching sense of humour is given better scope in the United States during the Washington Conference, and his wit and light irony play rapier-like over all the delegates and their aims, sparing none; but it is for the French, here and hereafter, that he reserves his bitterest thrusts. Later, too, when sent to the occupied area during the reduction of the Ruhr, the buttons are off the foils and he lunges fiercely at Poincaré and his policy. It is here that his illogicality is so human and so entertaining, for he can forgive the Irish for their long memories of defeat and humiliation, but forgets that the French, too, had memories as bitter and as humiliating. In a spirit so wide of understanding, so hot in sympathy, it is a pity that he can find no pity and no sympathy for France. Not the least interesting section of the book is the last, telling of a journey to Palestine on behalf of the Zionist movement; but, indeed, there

is scarcely a page that does not hold one's interest from first to last, packed as the book is with brilliant thumb-nail sketches, sometimes worked up into full-length and moving portraits, of every personality with whom he came in contact, and as he was present in almost every centre of activity this means that few escape his genial or biting wit. There has seldom appeared an autobiography so candid, so sincere, so fearless, for, heartily as one may disagree with much that he holds, it is the sincerity and vitality and charm of the man himself that slip out between every line, and give the book unique distinction.

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree, by Walter Raymond. (Folk Press, 6s.)

THE Great Masters have the merit of being dead; and so George Borrow and Izaak Walton are adored with an extreme preciosity by literary persons whose successors, a century hence, will make no end of a fuss about Walter Raymond. The cultured reader is always a century out of date. Yet Borrow never wrote so good a book as this, in such delicious prose, or had such an exquisite touch in portraying the sweet majesty of rural England, or made so just a summary of country life. The title is disgusting, suggesting a book of stale jokes—a vulgar mask, worn by a little masterpiece. Under the foul disguise one finds all the beauty of Somerset, all the charm of the folk, and best of all the totally unconscious self-portrait of a man who must have been loved by his people. The sketches relate to Victorian times, and there are changes since then. Even before the war the talk in a bar parlour, among ordinary labourers over a pint of beer, dealt with many scenes and events in far-off lands, and had a geography far beyond the depth of average untravelled American millionaire. To-day the gossips are, for the most part, war-trained veterans who have fought in such lands as Tanganyika and Iraq, which were unknown to their forefathers. Mr. Raymond may be pleased in his next book to deal with the inn and cottage of our own time for the pleasure, perhaps, of future generations.

Thy Dark Freight, by Vere Hutchinson. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

MISS VERE HUTCHINSON'S new novel, *Thy Dark Freight*, is a strong story of life among the fisher folk of Mare le Marsh. Janetha, the heroine, is the unwanted child of a mother who lives only for her adored son, and throughout this fate pursues her, of having to suffer because of some male creature. Her own son inherits a dark streak from his father's forebears, and Janetha's gallant struggle to make a sane and whole man of him forms the theme of the book. There is a pervading sense of brutish violence—men's violence, vainly resisted or weakly submitted to by the women—and over it all blows the salty, bitter air of the marshes. But Janetha's sturdy courage and forthrightness gleam brightly through the darkness, as do also the descriptions of her fishing. Miss Hutchinson knows this barren coast well, and her picture of the intimate lives of its toilers rings true. Janetha is human, as well as heroic on the grand scale.

SYLVIA STEVENSON.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

LAST CHANGES, LAST CHANCES, by H. W. Nevins (Nisbet, 15s.); THE GOODMAN OF PARIS, by G. G. Coulton and Eileen Power (Routledge, 12s. 6d.); FICTION.—ONE OF THE CHORUS, by Bertha Ruck (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.); CIRCUS PARADE, by Jim Tully (Knopf, 7s. 6d.); VERSE.—ALGEE, by Maurice Baring (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.)

THRENODY FOR BILL WRIGHT, A CHARCOAL-BURNER

Come, sleepy driers, from your shadowed oast,
The sieves are bare, the last light hop is dry;
Hang your snuffed lantern on its oaken post,
Put your great shovels by,
Leave your dead charcoal fires.
And come, you cowmen, from your milky byres,
And ploughman from your rimed October field.
Come, busy women, leave the orchard's yield
A while half gathered in your sturdy trugs.
You men that take your ease, your pewter mugs
Set down half emptied on the trestled board,
Attend!
No more the axe
Shall from the willow strike its mourning boughs,
No more the strenuous woodman pile the cord,
Nor whistling boy prepare the russet sacks.
For he is dead that used beneath this oak,
When curving Summer took the downward trend,
With pole and sheet to build his careless house,
And clear a circle on the grassy ground,
Daunting with thick-roped staves the naughty foals
Too near approaching to his skilful mound.
Bill Wright is dead. No more the rising smoke
Shall through the lichened branches softly wend,
No more shall tend
The woodland priest his sulky buried fire,
No more preside at Summer's funeral pyre
Who four foot deep from Summer must descend.
His fires are out, his hops are done and dried,
And he, with thin-cheeked Summer, at an end.
Summer shall come, and Summer come again,
And drooping draw white veils across the lands

And string her poisoned berries on the hedge
And sear the oak-leaves in her fevered hands,
But never more old Summer's favoured squire
Shall push his barrow in her misty train
Down the long hill from Fletching's far-seen spire
To reedy Pitdown pond and up the lane.
The farer in the Bushy Field no more
Shall take the wary welcome of his eye
From the deep ambush of a high-crowned hat
Rich with the seasons' green and russet dye,
Nor, unreluctant-idle as of yore,
Let the mild hour go by
To boasts of crafty skill and country lore
And hunting prowess of his bob-tailed cat.
The farm, the farm shall never know him more,
For he is vanished like his cared-for smoke,
His ashen rakes are gathered into store,
And disenchanted stands the warden oak.
Let the sad leaves that fall,
A pall on Summer, be his funeral pall,
Gather the willow from the mournful sedge
And strew it where he lies;
From the sacked garden bring the last brown bine
Where scarcely hang dry hops and foliage sere,
Weave it in frail and crackling garlandries
And lay them on his bier.
Then to your warm-roofed byres and sleepy kine
In silent meditation go your ways,
Turning your thoughts to Winter walking near
Behind these mists of brief and golden days.
The sloping meadows only wanly shine,
And in their watered hollows hangs a haze.

LIANTHE JERROLD.

THE LADY LEVER GALLERY

ENGLISH FURNITURE AT PORT SUNLIGHT.

THIS record of the collection of English furniture at Port Sunlight, which was formed by the late Lord Leverhulme, will give some idea of the value and range of this immense bequest, which has the additional interest of showing a very personal choice and taste. When he began to collect, his purchases were small pieces of the Late Georgian period, but later he turned to the Early Georgian age. It is owing to this that the significant examples of this collection are of the Georgian period, and that the "silver age" of satinwood is so fully represented. Another proof of the interest of the collection is the number of pieces gathered together which have been illustrated in the histories of furniture, such as the tall velvet bed from Dyrham, made in anticipation of a visit from Queen Anne to Mr. Blathwayt, and the fine china cabinet from Blenheim. In his speech at the opening of the gallery, Lord Leverhulme summed up his object in establishing it, which was "to show that English art, throughout the centuries, had not been second to the art of any nation in the world."

When Lord Leverhulme outlined his project for a catalogue of the gallery, it was his wish that Mr. Percy Macquoid should undertake the furniture volume, which was to contain an historical survey as well as an authoritative description of the objects in the collection. Mr. Macquoid, whose *History of English Furniture* was the work of a pioneer in an uncharted country, was the first person to apply to the long record of English furniture a trained historic sense, and his work has, therefore, remained a classic for reference and instruction. Mr. Macquoid's catalogue of the Lady Lever Gallery, which was well on the way to completion before his death in 1925, and has now been finished by Mrs. Macquoid, is, with its 125 plates and full technical descriptions, an invaluable record for the student and collector.

The mahogany cabinet from Blenheim (Fig. 2), which is skilfully designed as a balanced composition, is in three compartments, the advanced centre being surmounted by a broken pediment, while the wings are crowned by consoles delicately carved with acanthus. The carving of acanthus upon the six-legged stand, both on the frieze and legs, is notable.

In the eighteenth century, the development in France of the style known as *rocaille* was carried to immoderate limits in many cases, but its finer use by cabinet-makers in England resulted in a style of considerable accomplishment, exactly adapted to the taste of the period. The London tradesman in the middle years of the century was advised to turn his attention to the invention of new fashions, for on that the success of his business depended; but he that "must always wait for a new fashion till it comes from Paris is never likely to grow

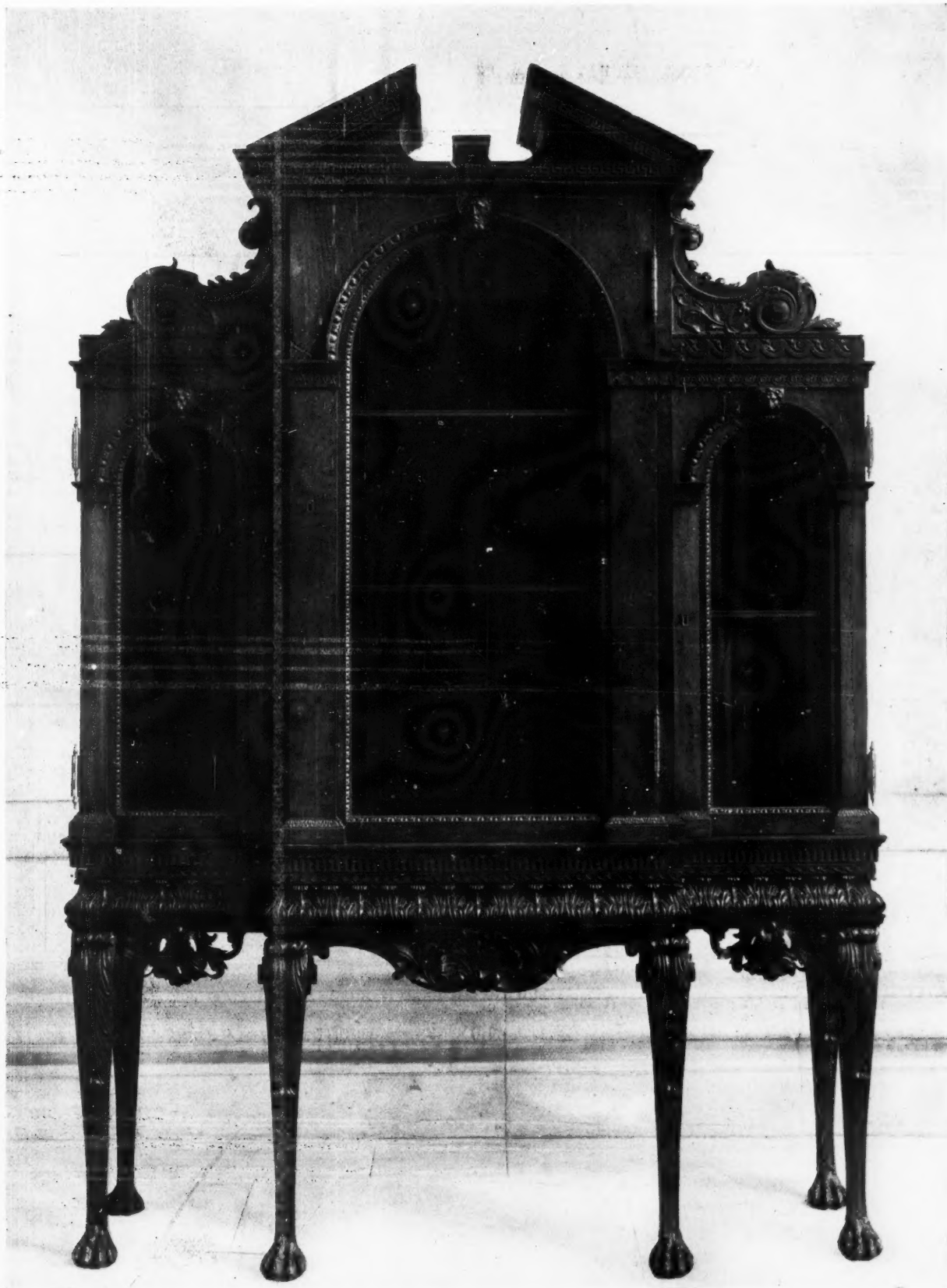
rich and eminent in his way." The maker of a set of gilt stands for china, originally from Stowe, was not to be outdone by Paris. Each stand is decorated with marine animals, dolphins, crabs, lobsters and shells amid rocks and swirls of acanthus that Meisssonier might have composed; each centres in a head of Neptune, below which are shields bearing the Buckingham cipher surmounted by a ducal coronet. In the *Director*, designs for stands of triple form are given and described as "stands for China jars which may be either gilt or japanned." Also in the fullest rococo is a pair of candle brackets composed of a spreading tree between two ruined columns, while at the base shell and scroll motifs enclose small mirrors. The detail of the weed-grown ruined entablature and the classical column is finely finished, and the brackets are enlivened by figures of the Fox and the Crane from *Æsop's Fables*.

Nowhere is there a finer series of the brilliantly inlaid and painted commodes made during the reign of George III, which are remarkable examples of cabinetwork. At first the makers of commodes relied upon the play of light and shade of the veneered and inlaid woods set off by the shaped and serpentine form. The commodes of the period when Harewood was being furnished by Thomas Chippendale were rivals of the masterpieces of the French *ébénistes*, and borrow from them their brilliant contrasting marquetry and the relief of gilt metal mounts. The trophies of musical instruments upon the brilliant commode (Fig. 1), the gilt metal shoes, mouldings and corner-pieces which protect the delicate surface of the veneer at vulnerable points, the keel-shaped corners, are entirely in the French taste which Thomas Chippendale advocated for his finer furniture. In the oblong commode veneered with satinwood the form, which is unusual, is that of a chest opening at each end with side doors. The top is inlaid with palm branches tied with green ribbon and interlaced husks, while the front is decorated by a medallion of a lion couchant on a green ground, suspended by oak branches and swags of drapery. The pilasters at the angles are headed with small ram-headed altars in brass, and the feet and base moulding and the large female masks at the sides are also of this metal.

After the fullest development of marquetry the cabinet-makers of the Late Georgian period escaped from the limited palette of woods to that of the painter, and the bright tints and medallions of wall decoration were repeated in the furniture. Thus, in a room at Grimsthorpe described by Arthur Young in 1768, the window shutters, the doors and the front of the drawers were "all painted in scrolls and festoons of flowers in green, white and gold; the sofa, chairs and stool frames of the same." Of the minor decorative painters of this time, Angelica Kauffmann was the first favourite, and her facile



INLAID COMMODOE WITH PAINTED PANELS AND APPLIED METALWORK FRIEZE. Circa 1778.



MAHOGANY CHINA CABINET. Circa 1740.

Formally the property of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim.

compositions readily accessible in engravings. A semicircular commode painted a pea green in this collection is inset with three large medallions after this artist, the largest oval ("Cupid Asleep") forming the centre. Equally brilliant is the satinwood commode of lunette form set with oval medallions of the Sciences painted direct in the panels and well set off by the rich amber of the wood. In the semi-oval commode veneered with tulipwood inlay, consisting of a design of wyverns and vases is combined with oval and circular painted medallions, framed in brass, and emphasised by inlaid trails of husks. In the small mahogany cabinet, painting in the manner of Cipriani has encroached upon the major share of the surface. Upon the top is painted a medallion of the Three Graces, and upon the front large ovals of Venus in her car and a sacrifice to Venus.

The spandrels surrounding these are marbled, and the sides, shelf and delicately tapered legs minutely painted with medallions and foliate sprays. Inside the doors are medallions of classical figures relieved against a blue ground and surrounded by the same decoration. These painted pieces are rarely signed, but an exception to this rule is the small writing-table of *bonheur du jour* type painted with nautical scenes by J. T. Serres, the naval painter, who signs and dates this 1792.

Tapestry and needlework pictures add a note of varied colour in the rooms where they are hung, and in another section these have been catalogued by Mrs. Macquoid, who gives a very interesting summary of English historic needlework. Among English tapestry is a set of six panels of the story of Hero and Leander, woven at Mortlake in the early years of

Charles II's reign, and differing little except for their borders from the cartoons designed by Cleyn for the factory about 1623. Among needlework, the most arresting objects are the long strips of petit-point in the Tudor room, in one of which is worked an episode in the story of Susanna and the Elders,

while two others are crowded with vivid detail from the history of young King Jehoshaphat and Queen Athaliah. The drawing and action of the figures, with the rich and delicate detail of the brocaded dresses, lace and jewels, suggest a strong French influence.

AT THE THEATRE

THE YEAR'S BEST PLAYS

THE late William Archer may not have possessed much humour, but there can be no doubt that he was a man of enormous erudition and profound common-sense. The tendency to-day is to underrate Archer, who, if dramatic critics ever come by a second lease of reputation, will probably at no distant time come into his own again. I do not see why it should not be the same with great critics as it is with great authors. A Meredith dies; there are the usual magniloquent obituary notices; and then for a time his books fall into extraordinary neglect. The period of neglect varies. It may be ten years or it may be forty, but if the man is a really great writer he comes back to a stable position from which he is never henceforward to be shaken. Trollope was probably the last great Victorian novelist to be put back on his pedestal. Meredith is slowly but surely being re-hoisted thereupon. There are no portents yet as to Henry James; the oblivion enveloping that idol of the 'nineties is still complete, and there are those who say that he will never again be read. Time alone will show. All we can say with certainty is that if James was a great writer he will be read again, and that if he wasn't he won't be. And by read again I don't mean by the large public made up of dressmakers, typists and veterinary surgeons' wives. These never read anything readable. It is still the picked and choice spirit who reads *Barchester Towers* and *Richard Feverel* and is, perhaps, wondering to-day whether he shall or shall not dip once more into *The Golden Bowl*. I have been re-reading one or two of those volumes of his dramatic criticism in the *World* which William Archer reprinted in the middle 'nineties. I remember reading them as a boy and thinking how extraordinarily good they were. I still think them extraordinarily good. There were, if I remember correctly, some four volumes in all,

after which the publishers, doubtless, got tired. Every twenty years or so a new dramatic critic and a new publisher will start the same venture and will tire of it after four years. Kudos is kudos, but there is a limit to the amount of money the most generous-minded publisher can afford to lose. The truth of the matter is that the British public does not care, and never has cared greatly, for criticism of even last night's play. How much less, then, is it likely to care for what was thought and written about a play which had its little hour and departed, say, nine or ten months ago! All reprints of dramatic criticisms must be labours of love, for they can be nothing else. Turning up Archer for the year 1893, I came across a passage which is a capital example of the profound common-sense to which I alluded earlier on: "No doubt a great deal of despicable matter comes within this year's record; but make a full record of a year's doings in any art whatsoever, and you will scarcely have to register mere masterpieces. This brings me to a consideration, often overlooked, which goes far, I think, to account for the illusion of an essential inferiority in the dramatic art as compared with the other arts of our modern world. It is one of the mechanical disadvantages, so to speak, of the theatre, that it admits of no obvious discrimination between the various grades of accomplishment in the works it presents. It is a gallery in which every picture is hung on the line, the worst with the best; and the enormous size of the canvases makes it very difficult for the amateur to seek out his elective affinities. When you enter a picture show, a very rapid glance around enables you to pitch upon the three or four works which have anything to say to you, and the rest, so far as you are concerned, cease to exist. Not so with the drama. Unless you find a critic, a professional 'taster,' whose palate exactly agrees with your own—and that is improbable—you run the risk of taking a good



Dorothy Wilding. FRANK LAWTON AND FRANCES DOBLE IN "YOUNG WOODLEY."



MAURICE EVANS AND CATHLEEN NESBITT IN "DIVERSION."

deal of trouble and incurring some expense only to find yourself bored or irritated by a mediocre or vulgar play. After half-an-hour of a bad novel, you fling it aside, and return it to Mudie's; but it takes a great deal more than half-an-hour, and costs almost as much as a year's subscription to Mudie's, to 'sample' a bad play; and meanwhile, perhaps, the two or three plays of the season which are capable of affording you keen artistic delight, may have had their day and ceased to be before you have even heard of them." It is, I think, one of the drawbacks of the dramatic critic's life that he must see so many bad plays. Now, not only is a bad play hung on the line, but it has also what the newspapers insist upon describing as a news-value. Every play has a story, though it be a pitiable one, and one of the obligations of the critic is to retail that story to the public, in order to do which he must perforce remain in his stall until the story is finished telling. Note that it doesn't matter how bad the play is. The dramatic critic cannot fling a bad play on one side as the literary critic flings a bad novel. Then, again, there is always an actor or actress of reputation in any play produced in the West End, and in courtesy to this reputation the critic is compelled to sit out the show, although he sees no prospect of the actor's reputation being increased thereby.

There is an enormous difference between the attitude of mind of the critic and the ordinary playgoer. The ordinary playgoer goes only to plays which he thinks he will like, and hardly ever chooses a play outside the kind of play he likes. He dresses, takes care to sandwich his entertainment between a good dinner and a good supper, and is definitely out to enjoy himself. To do the honest fellow justice, he generally does enjoy himself. Most important of all, he probably does not go to the theatre more than twenty times in any one year. Now consider the case of the dramatic critic. He has to see every example of every kind of play, from "King Lear" to "Love and Lollypops." For him Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light. He is lucky if, in December, he is not going to the theatre for the two hundred and twentieth time. Perhaps the difference between the two outlooks is greatest when it comes to the question of retrospection. Your amateur playgoer looks back upon twenty evenings of which he has certainly enjoyed nineteen. The professional playgoer surveys a vast, dreary desert in which he is lucky if he has found ten oases. Nevertheless, it is astonishing even to the jaded playgoer how many good plays are produced in the English theatre in any one year. Whenever I think of the conditions under which plays are produced in this country, I am always reminded of that remark in Sir Arthur Pinero's "His House In Order": "Some



HORACE HODGES AND ANGELA BADDELEY IN
"A HUNDRED YEARS OLD."

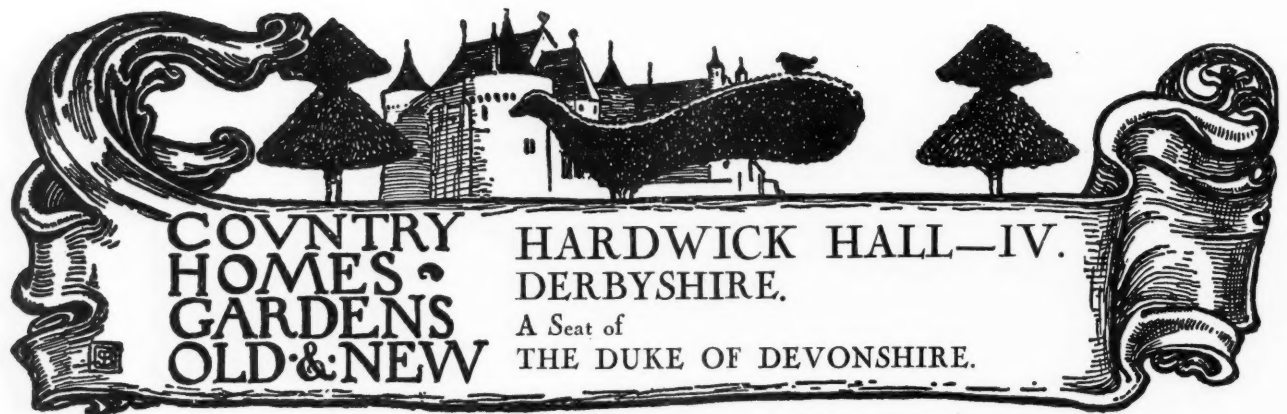
of our clergy are shamefully underpaid, Jesson; I'm surprised we get the gospel preached as satisfactorily as we do." Considering the shamefully high rents of West End theatres, I am always surprised that we get the drama produced as satisfactorily as we do. Even in Archer's day the best plays of the year were not the best paying propositions, as witness that subtle last sentence in the extract quoted above:

"And meanwhile, perhaps, the two or three plays of the season which are capable of affording you keen artistic delight, may have had their day and ceased to be before you have even heard of them." It is still, even in 1928, the fashion for good plays to have their day and cease to be before the average playgoer has heard of them. Such pieces this year have been "The Second Man," "The Return of the Soldier" and, of course, "The Unknown Warrior." At the same time, the year has been lucky in the production of four plays which, besides being works of art, have had that quality which more greatly endears them to their producers—the quality of commercial success. The plays I refer to are, first, "Young Woodley" at the Savoy Theatre, which began as a success of Censorship and in the end won recognition as the work of a fine and tender imagination. The year's second success was "Many Waters" at the Ambassadors Theatre. This piece had an extraordinary career. It was produced in October, 1926, by a Sunday evening society and was received with acclamation on that Sunday evening by the public, by every critic of standing, and by others. No manager troubled to look at the play or enquired what it was about. Indefatigable critics who had been impressed by the play referred to it from time to time, and even discussed it on the wireless. Still no manager took the slightest notice. Presumably they were all too busy cabling to America to find out what the latest success was about and for how much—or, rather, how little—it could be brought over. The third success was "Diversion," a piece by the same author as "Young Woodley" and more general in scope. Fourth and last is "A Hundred Years Old," the piece which has taken Hammersmith by storm—and who says Hammersmith says all that there is of taste and discrimination in London playgoing. The accompanying illustrations show a scene from each of these four plays.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.



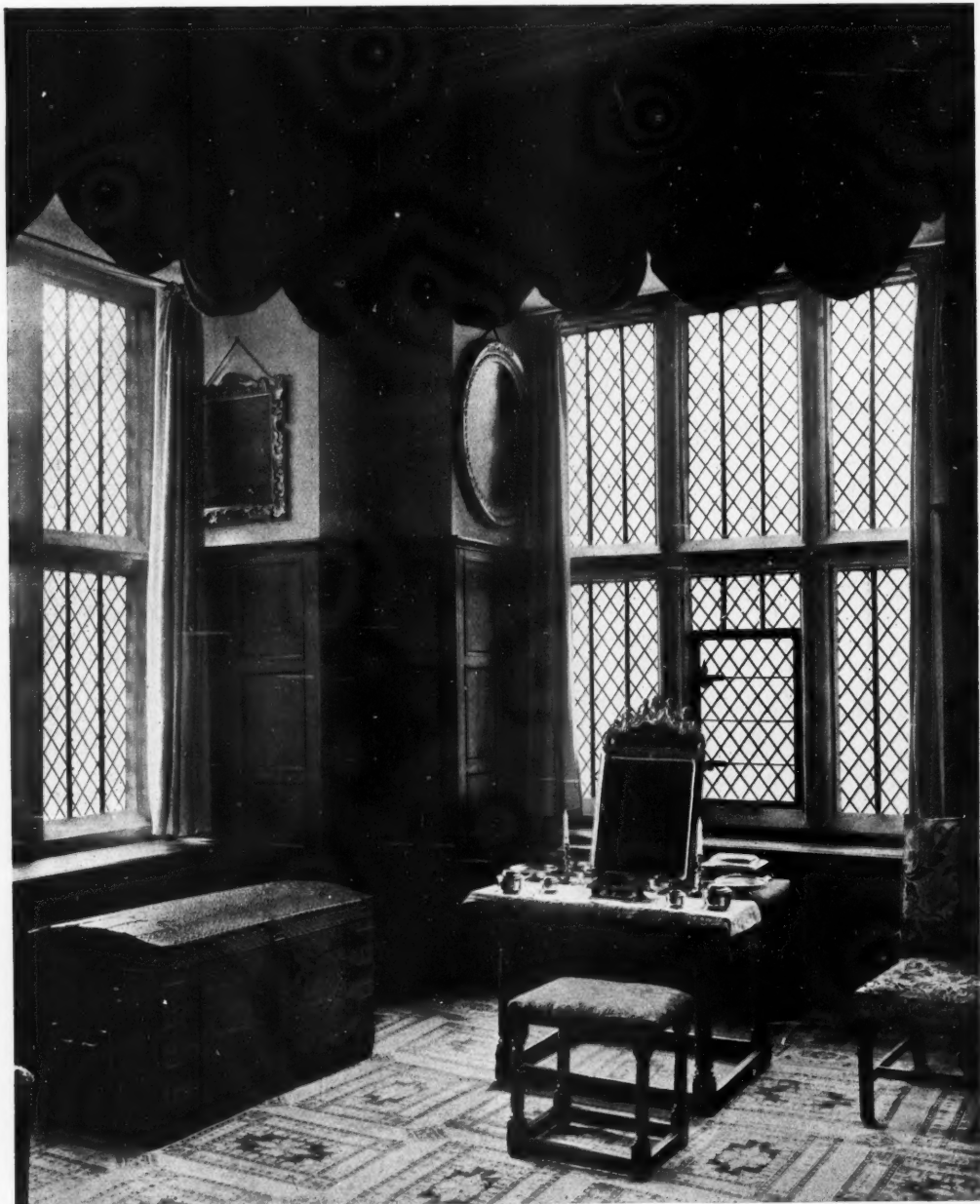
NICHOLAS HANNEN AND MAISIE DARRELL IN "MANY WATERS."



How Leviathan dwelt at Hardwick. Also concerning sculptors: Thomas Accres, Max. Colt and Abraham Smith.

THE year that Bess of Hardwick died (1607), her son, William, Lord Cavendish, brought into the house Mr. Thomas Hobbes, whose life, for the next seventy-two years, knits its history together with a comic yet imperishable thread. An inglorious man himself, "naturally timorous," as he observed complacently, Hobbes is, with Bacon and Locke, one of the three great English philosophers of the seventeenth century. When Hardwick was sheltering him, little as it can have been imagined at the

time, the house was performing its most eminent part in national history. For anybody who has read Hobbes' *Leviathan*, his pithily animated defence of the divine right of kings, Hardwick can have no other ghost so grotesque and yet so oddly attractive. The book is a vivid picture of the man, elaborately material, overwhelmingly sensible. He could see with great clearness and honesty everything in human behaviour which one without faith or emotion can see. Judged by his own scale of values—by which nothing is worth risking one's life for—his career



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I.—IN THE CUT VELVET ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was admirable for its very ignobleness. In the history of Hardwick it ties together the social materialism of Bess, matured under the Reformation, and the Whig materialism of 1688, when the fourth Earl (and first Duke) of Devonshire played so important a part in curing Leviathan (as Hobbes called the State) of syncope. When he was twenty Hobbes was had up from Magdalen, Oxford, as tutor for Lord Cavendish's son, and he remained in the family for another twenty years.

years later. The latter had married Christian Bruce, daughter of King James's favourite and relative, Lord Kinloss. The King saw to it that the young couple were well endowed, settling £10,000 on the bride himself, "and telling the old Lord Cavendish that he would expect accordingly." The second earl's premature death left his widow three young children and thirty lawsuits, which, however, she conducted with such perspicacity that King Charles jestingly said to her, "Madam, you have



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2.—THE CUT VELVET BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The bed, upholstered in olive green and rose velvet on a cream ground. Circa 1710.

Aubrey tells us that "he was his lordship's page and rode a hunting and hawking with him." But he would carry little Dutch editions of the classics about with him to "read in the lobby or antechamber whilst his lord was making visits." After his pupil's marriage he became Bacon's favourite secretary, who liked dictating to him "because he understood what he wrote."

Lord Cavendish, who in 1618 had been created Earl of Devonshire, died in 1626, and his son, Hobbes' pupil, two

all my judges at your disposal." She also got Hobbes again as tutor for the two boys.

At the time (1631) he was living in Paris, whither he had gone first with young Cavendish in 1610. He now passed through for a third time with the youthful third earl and his brother, whom he introduced to Galileo and to Descartes' circle. He himself was, at the time, passionately in love with geometry. After the party's return to Hardwick, in 1637, Hobbes' attention began to be diverted to politics, to the extent of writing a



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3—"CERES," BY ABRAHAM SMITH, IN THE FORMER SMALL DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

4.—RUSSET, INDIGO AND WHITE SILK EMBROIDERY,
In the Cut-Velvet Dressing Room.

pamphlet in 1640 strenuously supporting the Divine Right. But "his prevailing Principle was to suffer for no cause, whatever," so when a bishop was put in the Tower for preaching absolutism, "Then, thought Mr. Hobbes, it is time now for me to shift for myself, and so went to Paris." "The first of all that fled," he afterwards recorded with pride.

In the Civil Wars Hardwick came to no great harm, though Bishop White Kennett alleges that Mary Queen of Scots' bed was carried off as plunder. The young third earl had so far assimilated his tutor's logical quietism as to take no active part in the war and to compound for his estates in 1645. But his brother, Colonel Charles Cavendish, threw himself into the war with ardour. As a youth in Paris, he had once led Mr. Hobbes a dreadful dance by slipping off to join the French army in Luxemburg, so that his governor "followed him in great pain and brought him back to his studies." After serving with distinction as a trooper with the Gentleman Volunteers at Edgehill, he raised a Nottinghamshire force and gradually cleared the East Midlands of Roundheads, but was killed at Gainsborough in 1643.

Mr. Hobbes, meanwhile was, sharpening his wits with Descartes and writing the *Leviathan*. "He walked much and contemplated," we are told by Aubrey, whose curiosity is to be trusted, "and he had in the head of his cane a pen and ink horn, carried always a notebook, and as soon as a thought darted, he presently entered it into his booke." As time went on Paris filled with Royalist refugees, and Hobbes became mathematical tutor to Charles, Prince of Wales. But, although the *Leviathan* was begun to justify unlimited monarchy, as it proceeded it came, in effect, to justify the absolute rights of whatever Government happens to be in power. The Protectorate Government had, thus, no objection



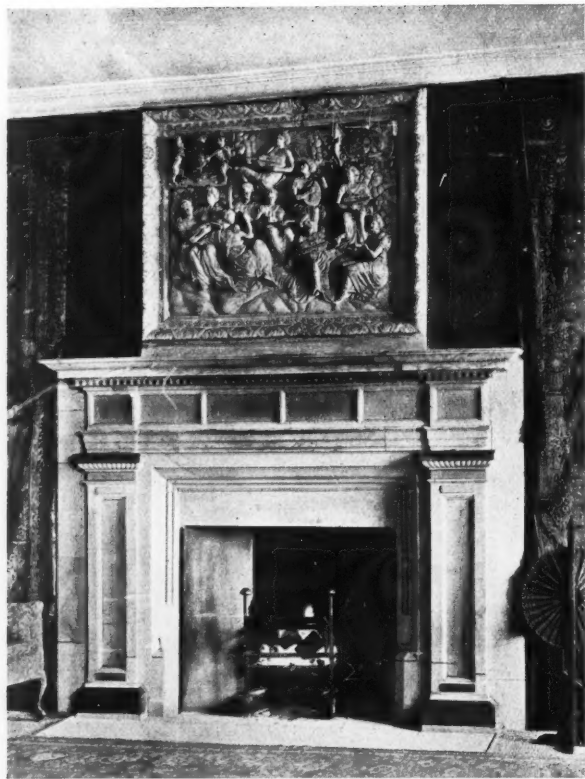
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5.—THE SHIP BEDROOM. ROYAL BLUE FIGURED SILK

"COUNTRY LIFE."



6.—CHIMNEYPIECE AND RELIEF OF TOBIT'S MARRIAGE, BY THOMAS ACCRES, IN THE BLUE, OR SHIP, ROOM.



7.—APOLLO AND THE MUSES, HERE ATTRIBUTED TO MAXIMILIAN COLT.

to its publication in London in 1651, while the cavaliers in Paris came to look on Hobbes as a wolf in sheep's clothing and "the father of atheists." He was thought to have "rendered all the queen's court, and very many of the Duke of York's family, atheists." Charles II banished him, so back he came to England. After the Restoration Charles II relented, for he liked a man with whose philosophy he had really so much in common, "and order was given that he should have free access to his majesty who was always much delighted in his witt and smart repartees." But after a time this atheism brought a cloud of bishops round him



8.—CHIMNEYPiece IN BESS OF HARDWICK'S BEDROOM.

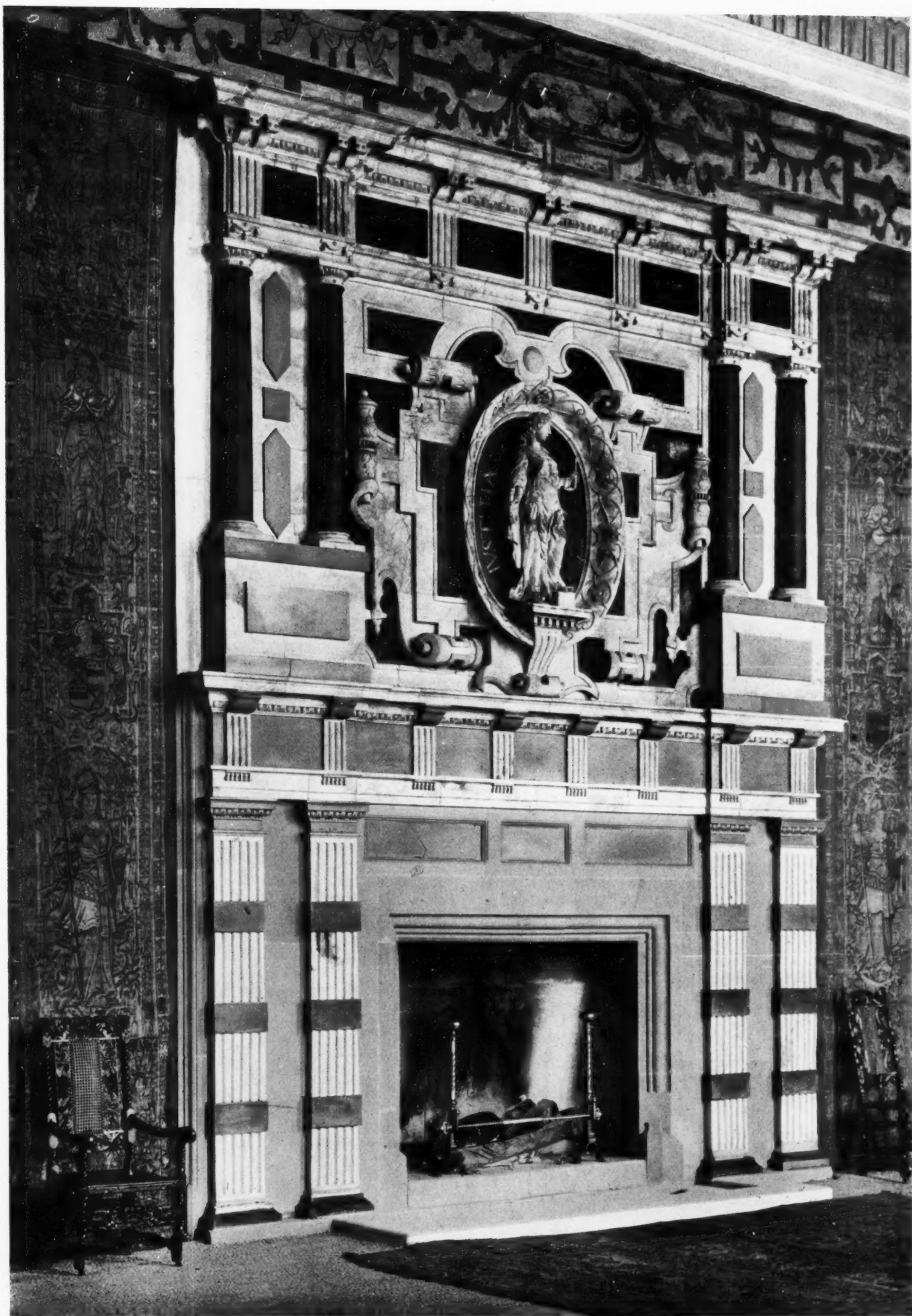
buzzing "to have the good old gentleman burnt for a heretique." In a great fright he buried himself at Hardwick and Chatsworth, where the third earl "let him live under his Roof in Ease and Plenty, without making use of him in any Publick or so much as Domestic Affairs. He would often express an Abhorrence of some of his Principles in Policy and Religion; and both he and his Lady would frequently put off the mention of his Name, and say, 'He was an Humourist, and that no body could account for him.'" This he certainly was, in both the old and modern sense of the word "humourist." From White Kennet and Aubrey



9.—IN THE LOW PRESENCE CHAMBER, NOW DINING-ROOM.



10.—"JUSTITIA": ONE OF THE GALLERY CHIMNEY-PIECES.



Copyright.

II.—"MISERICORDIA."

The other of Accres' gallery chimneypieces in blackstone, alabaster and spar.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

we know more of how this remarkable old savant lived than of almost any contemporary, Pepys and Evelyn not excepted. His atheist's dread of death made him a valetudinarian, and, in fact, he perfected for himself a "rule of health" which prolonged his years to ninety-two.

At his first rising he walk'd out and climb'd any Hill within his reach; or if the weather was not dry, he fatigued himself within Doors, by some Exercise or other to be in a Sweat; recommending that Practice upon his Opinion, that an old Man had more Moisture than Heat, and therefore by such Motion, Heat was to be expell'd. After this he took a comfortable Breakfast, and then went round the Lodgings to wait upon the Earl, the Countess, and the Children, and any considerable Strangers, paying some short Addresses to all of them.

At midday he had a solitary dinner, retired to his study, and had his Candle, with 10 or 12 Pipes of Tobacco laid by him, then shutting the Door he fell to smoking, and thinking, and writing for several Hours. If Company came to visit him, he would be free in Discourse till he was press'd or contradicted, and then he had the Infirmities of being short and peevish, and referring to his Writings for better Satisfaction.

So much from White Kennet. Aubrey tells how music was pressed into his regimen:

He had alwayes bookes of prick-song lying on his table—e.g., of H. Lawes' songs—which at night, when he was abed, and the doors made fast, and was sure nobody heard him, he sang aloud (not that he had a good voice) but for his health's sake; he did believe it did his lunges good, and conducted much to prolong his life.

It is sad that we do not know which was his room at Hardwick. In wet weather we can be sure enough that he put himself in a sweat in the gallery, where now his bust and picture are. And after his last fright of being burned for atheism, we learn "he frequented Chapel, and whenever any Strangers in Conversation seem'd to question his Belief, he would always appeal to his Conformity in Divine Services, and referr'd them to the Chaplain for a Testimony of it." But he would turn his back upon the sermon, remarking, "they could teach him nothing but what he knew."

His end is pathetic. "He could not bear any Discourse of Death, and seem'd to cast off all Thoughts of it." Though mortally sick in the winter of 1679, he could not endure being left in an empty house, so he insisted on following the earl from Chatsworth to Hardwick, lying on a feather bed in a coach. At Hardwick he lingered a few days, and when convinced that there really was no hope of his recovery, said, "I shall be glad,

then, to find a hole to creep out of the world at." He died a few days later without opening his mouth again, contemplating, perhaps, the characteristic epitaph which he wished set upon his tombstone: "This is the true philosopher's stone."

After his patron's death, five years later, Cavendish history shifts definitely to the new buildings at Chatsworth. Bess and Hobbes between them had spanned 150 years, and never again was Hardwick lived in for more than a few months at a time. It became a lumber room for Chatsworth, with the result that it is now a treasure house.

Many of the rooms yet remaining to be described bear the impress of the fourth earl, created duke in 1694, though in almost all much of Bess's work remains. The Cut Velvet Bedroom (Figs. 1 and 2) lies on the first floor, opening out of what was the Low Presence Chamber, now the dining-room. It takes its name from the polychrome damask bed bearing the coronet of the first duke, which may have come from Chatsworth, but was more probably introduced by the first duke when the room was done up. The doors and dado wainscot date from the late seventeenth century, the walls being clothed with Brussels tapestry after Teniers' design.

The Cut Velvet Dressing-Room (Fig. 4) is a small room facing north that was entirely redecorated *circa* 1690. The overmantel carving is, no doubt, by Samuel Watson or one of the other Chatsworth craftsmen. The walls are covered with a lovely silk embroidery. On a silvery white ground are scrolling leaves in tones of dark and russet brown, grey and mauve and bistre. A tree outside the window darkens the room, which the colour of the hangings and the woodwork accentuates into an effect of sombre richness.

Above the Cut Velvet Room is the Blue, or Ship, Bedroom (Fig. 3), decorated at the same time, the chairs and bed being upholstered in a royal blue damask. Over the mantelpiece is an elaborate relief of the marriage of Tobit (Fig. 6). The relief is allied to the work by Accres in the Green Bedroom (illustrated last week), the chimneypiece figures in the gallery (Figs. 10 and 11) and, less closely, to the remarkable relief now in the State Bedroom (Fig. 7).

The alabaster carvings at Hardwick shed a remarkable light on sculpture in the Midlands during the later years of Elizabeth's reign. It must be said at once, however, that the principal example—the relief of Apollo and the Muses—



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12.—THE HALL GALLERY WITH FRAMED "QUITIONS" OF NEEDLEWORK. "COUNTRY LIFE."



13.—STRAPWORK IN AN UPPER BEDROOM.

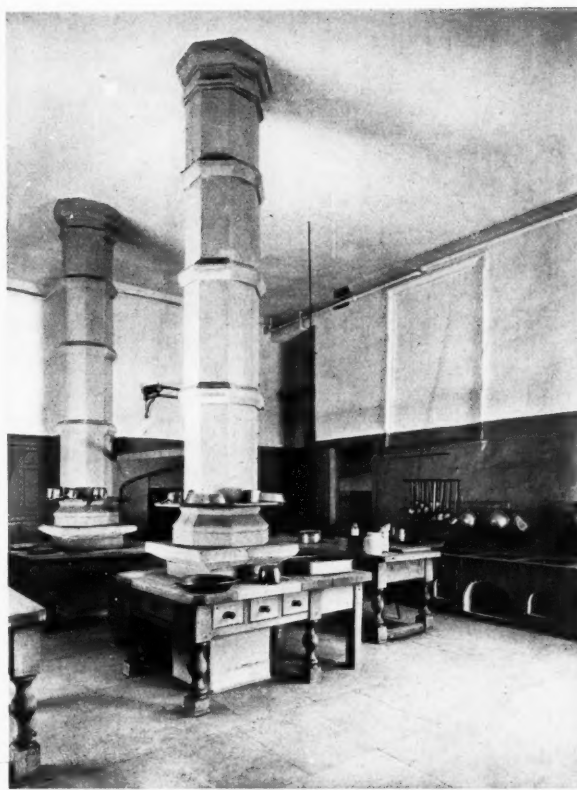
comes from Chatsworth. There it used to be in the Steward's Room, but was taken down and sent to Hardwick, where the sixth duke, about a century ago, found it in a packing case in the kitchen passage and put it in this room, which he had furnished as a library. A date close to 1600 is evidenced by the arms and initials of Queen Elizabeth, but there is no knowing how it got to Chatsworth. As was mentioned previously, it now covers a section of wall painted with "forest work," which should be revealed by the removal of the canvas.

By the end of the sixteenth century the chief centre of alabaster carving had moved from Nottingham to Southwark, where the Janssens, Richard Stevens and Cornelius Cure executed the familiar canopied altar tombs of the period for churches all over the kingdom. But the overmantels at Hardwick prove that the Nottingham school of "alabaster men," which acquired European reputation during the fifteenth century and up to the Reformation, was still in existence in 1600. Both Abraham Smith—who worked, for preference, in plaster—and Thomas Accres, whom we may accept as the sculptor of the gallery chimneypieces, are local men, but something more than village craftsmen. But can the Apollo or Tobit reliefs be credited to the sculptor of "Misericordia" and "Justitia"?

Accres first appears at Chatsworth in 1567, whence he migrated to Wollaton (*circa* 1584). He does not come upon the Hardwick scene till 1594, when a boy was given a shilling for bringing a letter from him—probably in negotiation for his services. He had two apprentices and two assistants, and in 1595 they were carving one of the coats of arms on the parapet. His chief occupation, however, was with marble, for the sawing of which he set up an apparatus at Hardwick. Bess appears to have been so much impressed with his ingenuity that in 1596 we read:

Given unto Acres wyffe in respect of her husbands devise for sawing of black stone to buy her a gown withal. . . . xls.

She had already given his daughter 20s. at her marriage, and his wife £5. Black stone—or "touch," as it is usually called elsewhere—came from Ashford, where Abraham Smith lived and whither Accres would ride to choose the best pieces; the alabaster from Tutbury. There are no direct references in the accounts to Accres' carving the figures, but there can be little doubt that he is responsible for those in the gallery and Green Bedroom, to which the Tobit relief is closely allied in detail. They are much in advance of the figures on tombs of the period, and even of chimneypiece statuary, such as that of King David at Apethorpe (*circa* 1620). Accres appears to have had no connection with the London sculptors, but to be a late master of the Nottingham school. The chimneypieces themselves, with their voluminous strapwork, probably owe something to the craftsmen gathered at Wollaton, and obviously



14.—THE KITCHEN.

to Flemish books of design. They ante-date by ten years at least the marble chimneypieces at Hatfield, Bramshill and Cobham.

Accres' defects in figure sculpture become apparent when we compare these examples with the Apollo relief. This is a much more delicate and masterly piece of work, showing no little skill in the management of the planes and the handling of the drapery. It is finer than most Flemish sculpture and in advance of what the Southwark school was capable of, recalling, rather, the reliefs in French furniture of the period, to which the refined guilloche of the frame is directly comparable. There was probably only one sculptor in England capable of this work—Maximilian Colt, *alias* Poultrain, a Huguenot born at Arras, who came to England just before 1600 and was appointed Master Carver to the King in 1608. In the following year he contracted for the masterly Salisbury monument at Hatfield. Though no other work by Colt of exactly this kind is known, this relief might well have been made by him as an exhibition of his abilities for the Queen. Its transference to Chatsworth could be accounted for by a variety of suppositions.

Abraham Smith's work has already been discussed in connection with the frieze to the High Presence Chamber. Another outstanding example of it is the plaster relief of Ceres in the Paved Bedroom (Fig. 5), a small room next to the chapel and originally, it would seem, "the little dyming chamber." This use would account both for the subject of the overmantel and for the paving of the floor with stone in place of the cement used elsewhere throughout the house.

This peculiarity of Hardwick has not been referred to before. Chatsworth was also floored with beaten plaster on wooden joists, and in 1556 Bess had written to the steward there stressing her preference for this kind of floor:

Lete the brewar make beer for me fourthewith for my owne drinking & your myster,—& se that I have good store of yt for yf I lacke either good bare or good charcole or wode I wyll blame nobody so meche as I wyll do you. Cause the flore in my bedchamber to be made even ether w^t plaster claye or lyme; & all the chambers to be made as close & warme as you cane.

Clearly, Bess's habit, in event of an oversight, was to rate everybody soundly, and the person responsible for it even more soundly.

Smith's relief, picked out with gilding, is one of his most accomplished works, very similar in quality to those of Spring and Summer in the Presence Chamber which he copied from de Passe's engravings after de Vos. There can be no doubt that "Ceres" is also from an engraved original, though not yet identified. In the old hall he had executed a number of delightful overmantels from de Vos's designs of the Four Elements. The date over the door, while it may be a modern re-painting of 1598—a probable date for the completion of the room—may also commemorate the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which Bess, as former custodian of the Queen of Scots, must have regarded

with more than patriotic sentiments. The design of the doorway and plaster pediment is one of the most satisfactory compositions in the house. The whole of the south wall of this room is modelled with strapwork, for which Smith had a decided *flair*. If he is, indeed, responsible for all the decorative plasterwork, he is curiously unequal. The figure modelling on the dining-room and Bess's bedroom chimneypieces (Figs. 8 and 9) is oddly *jejune* compared with the "Ceres," showing, perhaps, how much he was indebted to pattern books in his more accomplished works. But in some of the small upper bedrooms he executed strapwork panels (such as that shown in Fig. 13) which show a pure æsthetic appreciation of abstract design.

To deal comprehensively with the extraordinary wealth of Elizabethan and later art in this house would require a considerable book. The furniture and needlework (some of which

can be seen framed in the picture of the hall gallery, Fig. 12) have already been described in *COUNTRY LIFE* (February 26th, March 26th and April 23rd, 1927), and on all aspects of this remarkable home there is still room for further research. No praise is too high for the discerning affection with which the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire maintain the place as a national monument, opening it to the public every day, except Sunday and Monday, from eleven to four o'clock. The decoration and design of the interiors entitle us to regard Hardwick as the purest work of architecture of the Elizabethan period. The capital value of the textiles and furniture alone is very great. Remaining, as they do, in the rooms for which they were procured, they compose a national possession of unique and incalculable value, equal to any and surpassing most Continental palaces to which tourists make pilgrimage.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

COLOUR GROUPING IN THE WILD GARDEN

C OLOUR grouping in the garden produces a far more satisfying effect than a mere haphazard dropping in of plants without any thought of their relations one to another. In the border definite colour schemes are not too difficult to carry out; nurserymen offer a bewildering variety of plants to the would-be purchaser, and, provided

during the whole of the summer. It seems to me that it is necessary to make up one's mind to be content with beautiful pictures in different parts of the garden at different seasons. I have tried the other method myself, and the result has always been unsatisfactory. Michaelmas daisies would be blooming forlornly amid the browning leaves and shrivelled remains of



BROAD SWATHES OF ASTILBES IN PINK, ROSE AND WHITE.

one has some sense of colour values, the task is comparatively easy. In the wilder and more unconventional parts of the garden the choice of plants is rather more limited and the range of colours less wide; but one can accomplish enough, with a certain amount of consideration and care, to make it well worth one's while to take some trouble over these often inadequately planted areas.

Plants are very accommodating, and the majority of kinds will live happily in each other's company provided they do not require very extreme conditions for their well-being; but what is true of their tempers is not always true of their colours, and one often sees the most inharmonious, not to say terrible, effects resulting from unconsidered planting. An instance occurs to me from my own experience: a rich orange helianthemum and a vivid cerise cluster-pink were, by some oversight, placed one above the other in a slope of dry-walling. The result was hideous, and suggested a continual quarrel between the plants, each looked flamboyant and even vulgar, a state of affairs which would never have arisen had they not been placed in such close proximity.

Granted, this is an extreme case, it still points the argument for a carefully thought out scheme of planting wherever possible. I have seen purple-pink astilbes quarrelling with yellow verbascums, magenta Michaelmas daisies in discordant argument with orange-yellow heleniums, French marigolds in fevered altercation with *Lychnis coronaria*. I have perpetrated similar horrors myself—for who has not, at some time or other, made the most devastating mistakes, either inadvertently or through sheer inexperience?

If some definite scheme of planting is decided on, one thing must be faced and accepted: it is impossible to carry out any scheme, of however small proportions, and secure a good effect

plants long past their best; isolated rock plants would be bright with bloom when all around them their earlier blooming cousins were crying aloud for a good tidy-up and looking over.

Such a state of affairs could not continue. After all, if I dedicated the bulk of the rock garden to spring and early summer, I should still have the full glory of the border and rose beds to console me in the later months. So far so good; but what of those indeterminate areas outside the confines of the border? What of the ground in front of large shrubs, the little stream and wild garden, the small bits of garden here and there which never seemed to have any real reason for existing? These were certainly a difficult problem, but one which it was a great joy to solve, although there were some falls by the way!

A small area on the outskirts of the rock garden and looking across the stream had always been most unsatisfactory. The background of larches and conifers was pleasant enough, but the small, irregular strip of ground in front of it and reaching out to the path was never in the least interesting. Then I thought of giving it over entirely to the flowers of spring. Yellow and white polyanthus primroses were planted so that they ran in broad swathes to the rocky edge of the path; cutting into these in irregular drifts and losing themselves amid the shrubs and trees behind were *Incomparabilis* narcissi, with here and there a clump of tall bronzy mauve tulips. *Aubrietia*, lavender and *Alyssum saxatile citrinum* tumbled over on to the path, and double daffodils stretched away from the edges of the planting into some yews. The result was very beautiful and harmonised well with the stream garden and its drifts of *Primula denticulata* and primroses.

Another unsuccessful bit of garden contained an irregular mound and low bank of a pale pink form of *Erica carnea* which

comes into bloom rather later than the type: this in itself was lovely, but in a weak moment I had used the surrounding small pieces of ground as a sort of dumping place for a heterogeneous collection of perennials and irises. These I rooted up, and, as the strip was in the form of a shallow dell with two tiny paths and was half shady, I planted forget-me-nots, *Primula denticulata*, *Anemone blanda*, grape hyacinths and lilies of the valley, with a few clumps of tall mauve, purple and rose-coloured tulips for relief. The flowering periods of some of these do not entirely coincide, but they overlap, and there is always

a sufficiency of bloom in harmony with the heath to produce a charming effect. Another rather effective bit of spring gardening consists of masses of pale blue forget-me-not and groups of campanelle jonquil.

The planting of the broader areas of ground near the stream has never been particularly satisfactory. The stream edge, with its masses of *Iris sibirica* and *Myosotis palustris* is lovely enough, but the still damp, though not really wet, ground farther back is not really satisfying. There are already some astilbes and spiræas; these I shall extend, by further planting, into swathes of pink, rose and white, with an occasional rheum and clumps of *Saxifraga peltata* as relief. In the moister places fairly wide plantings of the easier bog-loving primulas will run towards the stream and make a glory of May and June. Of course, yellow will have to be excluded from this bit of garden; *Primula helodoxa* already flourishes in a colony well removed



A DRIFT OF LUPINS AT THE STREAMSIDE.

monise beautifully with the pink and rose shades, yellow and apricot with the colder purples and blues, mauve with pink and purple or blue, and so on. The habit of growth of these plants lends itself to irregular placing, and long drifts of their lovely spires against a background of conifers or shrubs make a glorious picture. I do not know why spired flowers are so attractive, unless it is because of the feeling they give one of illimitability, a continual growing toward the sky. Foxgloves give one the same sensation.

Flag irises are specially suitable for unconventional treatment. They are lovely either planted by themselves or in conjunction with lupins. They should be grown in broad swathes if there is room, and the dwarfier kinds allowed to come towards the front. Solomon's Seal and *Dicentra spectabilis*, with its beautiful sprays of translucent blood red hearts, are charming grouped together under trees in little wild bits of

from this part of the stream and looks lovely in conjunction with the water forget-me-not in summer. Another lovely companion of the forget-me-not is *Caltha polypetala*, its enormous golden blossoms last a long time and almost put its humble relative, *Caltha palustris*, in the shade—but not quite; the ordinary marsh marigold, although its individual flowers are fleeting, possesses an appealing charm which the competition of larger and lustier calthas can do nothing to destroy.

Now that hybrid lupins are so varied there are many combinations of colour from which to choose. The rich plum purples har-



FLAG IRISES ARE MOST SUITED FOR UNCONVENTIONAL TREATMENT.

In association with lupins, primulas, lythrums, marigolds and forget-me-nots, they provide an ornamental setting to the stream.

garden; and the Heavenly Blue grape hyacinth is pretty in combination with dwarf pink tulips or planted in masses under early flowering shrubs with pink flowers. Then, one can have yellow mimulus growing with water forget-me-not in boggy places, or by the stream if one has one, dark rose valerian and nepeta on rocky walls, and *Viola gracilis sulphurea* with *Delphinium sinensis*. But half the charm of making these colour pictures lies in thinking them out for oneself.

The grouping of plants becomes a fascinating occupation once begun, and leads one on to attempt all kinds of things, not all of which are invariably successful. However, one learns by one's failures, and they certainly add the necessary spice of variety to one's experiences. Even in the smallest of gardens something may be attempted on these lines, and much joy will ensue which would be impossible with a more haphazard arrangement.
E. R.

THE HALCYON OF THE STREAM



"FIVE LITTLE KINGFISHERS ALL IN A ROW."

A BLUE streak flashed down the stream, round the bend, under the fallen tree and seemed to burst into flame on the end of a small, dead branch projecting over the water. After the flash of blue and red had passed a small bird could be seen sitting unconcernedly and perfectly motionless as though waiting for applause. Only the kingfisher can show that streak of blue as he speeds over the water, and the wonderful flash of scarlet as he opens out his wings to "put the brake" on, when he comes to rest, with a display as of a bursting rocket without the streamers.

This was evidently a favourite perch of his, for the upper surface was dirty with sand and mud and the grass on the bank behind whitened with droppings. After assuring himself that he was entirely unobserved, he gave a shrill piercing whistle, and looked over towards the high bank on the other side of the water. Almost immediately, out of an oval shaped hole near the top of the bank shot his mate, with brilliant blue head speckled with a lighter shade of the same colour, dark greenish-blue back and wings, bright red underparts and crimson legs and feet.

She settled alongside her mate in an obviously excited manner; all her feathers were ruffled, her wings trembled, and she held her head down with her bill wide open—the reason for this fussiness was not far to seek. Had he not brought her food in the form of a nice



"ON THE END OF HIS BRANCH."

fat and freshly caught minnow? He quickly popped it into her eager, open bill head first, her head shot back and down her throat it went without any effort, fins, bones and all. After the flesh had been assimilated, the fins, bones and other indigestible parts would be cast up from her throat, in the form of a small ball, which is known as a "casting," and it was on a layer of such small fish bones, gradually accumulated on the floor of the nesting chamber at the end of the little burrow, from which she had just emerged, that her six round white eggs now lay.

The meal being over, both birds sat presenting their feathers, and then without warning the male bird dashed off on another fishing expedition, and the female returned to the nesting burrow to continue her duty of incubation. The male bird made his way upstream, and came to rest on an overhanging branch within two feet of the water's surface; he sat motionless as though engrossed in his own thoughts, and gazing at the beautiful reflection in the water beneath him. Actually, however, he was neither thinking of nor looking at himself. There were minnows and sticklebacks in this pool, and it was here that he obtained the major portion of the food on which his mate and himself lived; this was his favourite hunting spot, where the fish basked in the sun and lay in wait for the food which washed down to them by the gentle current. The sun flashed rays of brilliant light on to the water, through the interstices

of the foliage above, and with the bright green of the willow and oak, the white of the hawthorn blossom, and the pink of the campion and ragged robin, near the water's edge, all was a blaze of colour. Small wonder that amongst this medley the kingfisher was very much more inconspicuous than against a darker background; in such surroundings as these, among which, as a matter of fact, he spent the greater part of his time, he was really safe from his enemies.

On the end of his branch he sat perhaps for twenty minutes, then there was a blue flash, a small splash, a fluttering as of wings on the water a yard away, and he was back on his perch again. All had happened in the short space of two seconds, but so quick were his movements that one could not follow them. He had seen a minnow glide under the branch on which he was sitting, and go slowly upstream. He had dived head-first into the water, seized the fish with his long pointed bill and returned to his perch. Having approached it from the rear he had taken it by the tail, and on his arrival on the perch, he gave it a couple of vicious raps against the branch to stop its wriggling. Then, giving it a sort of half toss and half twist, he deftly turned it round so that its head pointed down his throat, and incontinently slipped straight down into his gullet, despite the fact that it was almost one third the length of his own body. Having finished his meal, he sat preening his feathers with his long bill.

dirty, there was no reason why the birds should be dirty, with so much water round them.

All was quiet, except for a pair of sparrows who were bathing in the shallows at the edge of the stream when the male kingfisher arrived with a fish for the young, who were now over two weeks old. Straight into the hole he dived to deliver the food, and before two minutes had passed was emerging again, but strangely enough he was coming out tail first. Waddling backwards on his short legs to the edge of the burrow, he launched himself off and did a quick turn in mid-air, to right himself, then flew to a dead branch sticking out of the water.

His undignified exit was easily explained, for with six young kingfishers, all hungrily waiting for food, he did not get a chance to get into the nesting chamber proper, their heads with bills agape, all projecting down into the small neck of the burrow, leading to the chamber, completely blocked it up. He was, therefore, left no alternative but to pop the food into the first open bill, and back out into the open air as best he could, and glad he was to escape, for all the way down his feathers were scraping the dirt off the sides of the burrow, and how he dislikes this. A bath was his first thought, the stick was near to the bank, and he could stand up in the water and thoroughly cleanse himself. Jumping off the stick into the water, he flapped his wings and tail, sending the water flying all around him in a



THE RETURN OF THE MINNOW-WINNER.

It was during his toilet and whilst he had his bill over his back preening the feathers near his tail, that his attention was attracted by a blue flash down stream; immediately his feathers bristled, and he assumed a fighting attitude. Another kingfisher was trespassing on his domain and, of all impertinence, was flying up-stream towards him. He waited until the new comer was within a yard of his perch, then sprang into the air, evidently with the intention of swooping down on the impudent rogue to administer the chastisement that was so richly deserved for such a breach of kingfisher etiquette. The intruder had not noticed the male perched on the branch until he flew up from it to strike, and so taken aback was he, at the fury of the male's onslaught, that all he could do was to put on more speed and flee, squeaking for his life, for thirty yards or more upstream, until the male had seen him well away from his domain.

The days were passing quickly by now, and there were six hungry little kingfishers now in the nesting burrow, and it took the combined exertions of both birds to keep their voracious offspring supplied with food. Many mouths to fill meant much food; much food meant much work to obtain it; moreover, there was much waste and dirt, so that very soon, with all the comings and goings and decayed fish, the bottom of the burrow became covered with an evil smelling sticky mess that polluted the atmosphere for a few yards round the entrance to the hole.

The dirt and stench were inevitable, and that which could not be cured would have to be endured, but to no greater extent than was absolutely unavoidable, for whilst the burrow was

spray, then back to the stick for a shake; then in again he plunged for another vigorous splash and again back to the stick for a shake. Half a dozen times he repeated these diving antics, until he was absolutely clean and free from dirt, then sat for some time in a sunny place preening himself with his long bill.

He was thus engaged when his mate came skimming downstream with food for her hungry chicks. She took not the slightest notice of him, but sped on until the blue flash was blotted out as she entered the nesting hole. She, just like her mate, emerged tail first, went through her ablution from a stone in the stream, and finally joined him on the branch in the sunshine.

Almost a month had elapsed since the young were hatched, and it was time for them to be out and about. They had been down to the entrance to the burrow on a number of occasions, and the delightfully fresh and cool air was so good that they were very loath to go back into the dark and stuffy nesting chamber again.

They did not, therefore, need much persuasion to jump off the edge of the burrow on the bank at the far side of the stream. One after the other they went with a great fluttering of wings, and of heart, too. All sat together with their parents when the last one had safely landed, after the great initial plunge. The colour of their plumage was much duller, but otherwise the same as that of their parents; their bills, whilst being quite long, were not so long or pointed as those of the adults, and their little stumpy tails were not, as yet, very much in evidence.

THE LURE OF LITTLE THINGS



HE AS LITTLE INSISTS ON HIS RIGHT TO BE TREATED AS A HORSE AS DOES A WELL TRAINED CIRCUS PONY.

"It's so small," we say, as though smallness, in itself, was a kind of beauty, of puppies and kittens and little birds. Even for a child, is there a prettier, a more loving phrase than "little one"? And older people, sometimes with an effect of foolishness outside their own magic circle of affection, seem to use little with the same meaning as dear. Most of us, and certainly all children, on the whole prefer for ourselves the little to the big. The big may be more useful, more imposing, the wiser choice, but it has not that intimate appeal to something very old and very deep rooted in the heart that stirs to life for the little things. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why we have loved the fairies so faithfully and clung to them in the face of railways and motor cars and now even wireless; and older people, not quite able to believe in them themselves, are foolishly touched and delighted to hear an audience of children at Christmas come clapping to the rescue of a Tinker Bell.

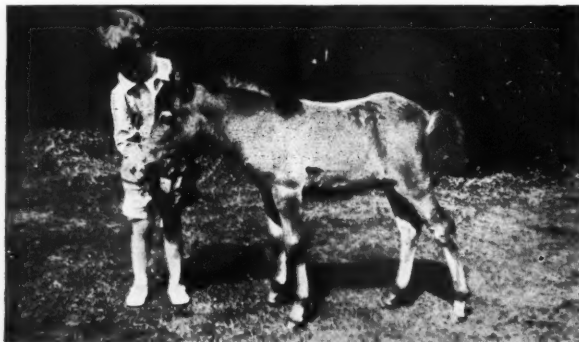
The great dream of most children is a little world over which they are to preside. It may be a farm, a doll's house, a ship, but it must be small. For myself, it was a toy horse, perhaps four inches high, covered with ponyskin, and with a real tail and mane. His name in every incarnation—he had several, though all remarkably alike, because cruel fate, in the shapes of fire, water and forgetfulness, occasionally removed him from my ken—was always Brownie. He was as real as any horse I have ever known, and I rode in imagination unbelievably many miles on his back across the snow-covered plains of Quilt or on the rich green velvet downs of Dining-room Chair. I cherished a kind of company-promoting dream of acquiring cows, pigs, sheep and goats of the same stamp, and becoming a farmer, but I remained a spinster lady who kept a hack. They were happy days, and though I should see Brownies to-day as rather clumsy creatures, the hair of whose tails must have been, in proportion, as coarse as clothes lines, the passion they inspired persists. A statuette of a horse can thrill me still, be it a piece of pottery, say, a foal with its tossed mane, its little hoofs scarcely touching the ground, such as Aline Ellis's models or Ivester Lloyd's war horses with their

soldier riders in their brilliant old-time uniforms. To the lure of the little the charm of the horse is added in those cases, but littleness itself will do. One of the fine antique shops in Bond Street recently displayed in its window a couple of companies of infantry perfect in detail, and each gallant soldier not more than half an inch high. The tiny men marching on their way filled me with covetousness. Is it that little things seem so friendly, or is it that in some undefined way one likes to play at being a god? Certainly I envy that old woman, "a good and a gay old woman," who went to an elfin fair:

And all that most fit is
For fairs in the cities
Or told of in ditties
Or sung of in songs was there
Grown teeny tiny O.

And when you have acquired one little thing, how the

longing grows to see it beside something else in proportion. Is there anything more charming than a child with a pony? The Sheltie owes his place in our affections to that, and there is small doubt that to own one would be the crown of most of the ambitions cherished under eight years of age. His points, to a horse lover's eye, may not be many, climatic conditions have kept him, with his heavy head and hard mouth, very much a distant connection of the Arab and the Shire, but, for all that, he is a horse, and a tiny horse, and littleness wins. A Sheltie foal, too, for some reason, has not the air of being something elemental which his



THEY ARE BOTH SO SMALL.

older relations have, he is as lovable as any other young horse and, of course, infinitely smaller. I am taking a perfectly unreasonable delight in seeing a very little boy with a very little Shetland foal. They match so perfectly, they are both so small and so pretty. The little master is as pleased as I am, but less aware of the fact. There is a touch of responsibility in his attitude—he "keeps a horse." Luckily, the foal's mother is a tried and trusted friend, a sure-footed and wise matron who has learned not to run away to join the cows at every opportunity, as she did in her youth, or be too anxious to show us how she hates umbrellas, and she has started her son in life with a friendly disposition. He follows his master anywhere



HE FOLLOWS HIS MASTER EVERYWHERE.



SOMETHING BETWEEN A HORSE AND A PLAYFELLOW.

and everywhere, and he minds nothing. He as little insists on his right to be treated as a horse as does a well trained circus pony; in fact, he is something between a horse and a playfellow. By and by he will have a little saddle, and with his master "up," will go out into the lanes, and everyone who sees the pair will stop—I am quite sure of it—and say, "Aren't they small?" and then "Aren't they sweet?"

This love of the little goes back very far, to the tiny statues of the Egyptian tombs and marvellous model horses of old China. In all the ages the artist has hung as lovingly over his miniature as the boy of to-day hangs over his model engine or battleship, or older people collect silver ships or delight in Japanese miniature gardens or keep toy dogs. Perhaps it is that some of us are homesick for childhood at times, since—

No one sings the little songs

any longer, and littleness, like Alice's magic drink in Carroll's matchless story, makes us small enough ourselves to pass, even if only for a moment, through the tiny door into the world where imagination has bettered reality. **BRENDA E. SPENDER.**



THE FOAL'S MOTHER.

THE ACCIDENT

WE rather pride ourselves on being remote. Our lane loses itself eventually in the downs, and I do not suppose half a dozen vehicles go up and down it in a week; just the baker every other day and a farmer's Ford: it is that sort of place.

There isn't a petrol pump between us and —, our market town, which is four miles away. When we ask visitors for tea-time we don't expect them till supper, as they are sure to lose their way. Our landlord, who owns the land as far as one may see from north to south and east to west, is a great lover of the pheasant. Long may he continue so. I think he is a good enemy of "development." That is why we chose this as our home, for we prefer silence and the song of birds to all other things on earth. We flattered ourselves we were fairly secure, for our lifetime at least. Now we are not so sure. Listen!

On Saturday, a day when the sun was shining as people say it never does in England, we were going about our simple tasks. My wife was shortening a dress under the shade of the apple tree. Dizzy, the spotted dog, was snapping rather lazily at flies, and I myself was making plans for the garden, for next year's garden, as one always does. Gently to our ears came the hum of an aeroplane—except to the dog's ears, poor thing, for she is deaf, being, as visitors kindly say, too highly bred. Even Hottentots and Eskimos must expect to have aeroplanes flying over their huts and hovels nowadays. It's not very nice of airmen, to be sure, but they cannot see so much of us, and the hum is not very loud when they fly as high as they usually do. This aeroplane, however, was flying rather low, so low that we couldn't help looking at it. And we had to own that it really did look rather beautiful all shining in the sun. It passed over us, wheeled round and soon was flying back again. "Going back to its camp," I said, and thought what a funny spot to choose for the objective of an aerial stroll. Still, the pilot knew his business best, and we all returned to our work. But no, in a moment he was coming back again, and now so low that I thought he would hit the big oak tree across the lane. Lord deliver us! he was coming down. We dropped our work and rushed to the hedge to see the crash. Yes, he was coming down, very gently, it is true, but clearly coming down. He will land in the cornfield. No, he has just cleared it. He's bumping along the grass. He'll hit the wood. No, he has just missed it. And our aeroplane disappeared from our view round the corner of one of the little woods where our landlord's pheasants lead such happy lives until another season of the year.

Now, an aeroplane is no great novelty, but an accident is still an accident, and duty demands that one should go to a wayfarer's assistance, even if he descends from the sky like a god. So we hopped over the fence, the spotted dog crept under, and off we all set at a trot across the field. We weren't the first on the scene. Children were after the plane long before it touched the ground. The gamekeeper's boy appeared from nowhere and other children simply appeared like magic from the folds of the fields. Rather breathless we arrived on the scene. There, sure enough, lay the aeroplane, but where was the stricken pilot? Round the machine stood a few open-mouthed villagers—and one young man in immaculate flannels. He was terribly good-looking, and he greeted us with an engaging smile.

"You are not, by any chance, the owner of this field, Mr. A—?" he asked, twirling a pair of goggles lightly round.

"No," I replied; "he lives over there, by those trees."

"You see, I ought to have asked permission to land here," said the young man. But it had already dawned on us that he was none other than the pilot.

"Then you landed here on purpose!" we exclaimed in surprise, and, I hope, not in evident dismay. For we were terribly disappointed. We didn't want him to have hurt himself, not badly, especially as he was so good-looking, but we had hoped something was wrong. My wife had already calculated that by good luck there was rather a nice tea.

"Oh, dear me, yes," the young god answered. "I signalled to some friends I'm to play tennis with the first time I passed over. I expect they'll be along with a car in a moment."

"What a funny little aeroplane," said my wife.

"Oh, she's a handy little 'bus." He waved his hand towards the machine and was kind enough to explain its mechanism.

Very soon, however, a car drove up to the gate of the field, and, seizing a tennis racket from a hole in the aeroplane, he bade us good-bye and was gone.

Slowly we retraced our steps to the cottage, aware, now that the excitement of the chase was dissipated, that we were shockingly stung by nettles. We resumed our interrupted occupations: my wife took up her sewing, the dog her snapping at the flies, and I my gardening. But, somehow, it did not seem the same as before. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, but across the field out of sight lay that confounded little aeroplane. The cottage does not seem half so remote as it did before. I doubt if, as a retreat, it's good for our lifetime or even for half a dozen years. No, the young tennis player has sown seeds of disquietude. The day will come when everyone will be off to play tennis with neighbours the other side of England. Perhaps we ought to plant trees. Or would they find some way of landing on the top? Dear me, how I do wish, once again, that it had really been an accident.

N. L. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

"MODERN CRAFT."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In his article under this title, dealing with the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Burlington House, Mr. Christopher Hussey poses me a question, anticipates my reply and then faces me with another question to which I may, perhaps, be permitted to reply myself. He is complaining—with some reason, I admit—that the "craft furniture makers" do not "specialise in producing good, simple furniture for people who want to furnish artistically but economically. A few of them do; but, for some occult reason, they do not appear in this exhibition. Those who do exhibit give the impression of being craftsmen for craft's sake. This is all very well if the mass producer is shrewd enough to take up their designs. But mass producers being what they are, it is extraordinary that a Mr. Heal or a Mr. Russell does not do it himself and make good chairs at a pound apiece, plain oak chests of drawers for ten pounds, and so on. If they reply that they do, then why not exhibit them at Burlington House?"

If I may answer for my friend Mr. Gordon Russell as well as myself—and I think I may—I will say that we can and do make a decent plain oak chest of drawers for ten pounds and a good chair for one—or, possibly, two. But as to why we do not exhibit them at Burlington House, that is because such pieces would not be considered sufficiently interesting by the Selection Committee of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society. And I think the Committee would be right—according to the views they hold. The Society does not exist for the purpose of exhibiting work which meets a demand of people, however artistic their tastes may be, at a popular price. The Society's belief, as set forth in the foreword to the catalogue and quoted by Mr. Hussey, is that "the history of the Crafts and Industries teaches us that individual craftsmen are necessary to a country to provide standards, incentives to artistic invention, and new ideas to the mass production manufacturers." To stimulate the manufacturer to produce more original and interesting work—not to provide patterns for him to copy—is the Society's affirmed purpose. The dullness of most trade stuff is due to the manufacturer slavishly copying antiques or producing some commercialised version of them. To encourage him to copy and commercialise the work of individual craftsmen will serve no better purpose. But if he can be stimulated to tackle his own problems in a more interesting and enlightened way, something will get done.

The aims mentioned—or something like them—are those with which the Society was founded forty years ago and to which they have adhered since. Whether or not some modification of these aims, as times and conditions changed, would not have been more helpful to the community is open to discussion. Just before the war broke out a small number of the younger members of the Society were very strongly of the opinion that a time had come when the rigidity of these aims should be relaxed. This group put forward the views that a more sympathetic attitude towards the trade would be helpful and the influence of the Society would be more widely felt. This Cave of Adullam was promptly blocked up. Three things followed. The Deutsche Werkbund held an exhibition in Cologne where the artist and the tradesman combined to produce a wonderful demonstration of what such an association of ideals was capable of. Then came the declaration of war while the exhibition was still in being. The following year saw the birth of the Design and Industries Association. On what that Association has done and what it has failed to do it is not becoming to dilate in this connection. This much, however, may, perhaps, be said, that it has spent its energies and what small funds have been at its command in trying to urge manufacturers along the line which Mr. Hussey would like them to take. Mr. Hussey complains—and I am with him—that "the educated buyer is hard put to it to get modern furniture of the type exhibited at Burlington House, especially at a moderate price." May I make a suggestion? If COUNTRY LIFE—which, in the past, has done so much to educate popular taste by showing all that is best in old furniture—would come forward and organise an exhibition of modern furniture and its accessories which were within the reach of the purse of the modest

man, it would be giving an enormous impetus to the craftsman who is starving his production for want of a larger public, as well as to the English manufacturer who is beginning to be dimly aware that the reproductive game is played out and that somehow he has not picked up this new game of modern design which is being better played by his Continental competitors.

With the prestige of COUNTRY LIFE behind it, with COUNTRY LIFE's reputation

Beyond that, a small guarantee fund would probably meet the case.—AMBROSE HEAL.

AFFORESTATION ON DARTMOOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of afforestation on Dartmoor which you may care to publish. It shows fir trees planted on the south of Princetown on Two Bridges Road. These



DARTMOOR'S GUARD OF FIRS AGAINST WINTER STORMS.

for good taste and discrimination, such an exhibition would give a great incentive to English design in English furniture. It would, however, be fatal to its intentions unless an absolutely firm, independent and impartial committee was given a free hand to accept or reject without fear or favour of Art-and-Crafts-man or of advertiser. One factor, essential to the maintenance of any standard of design and workmanship, would have to be that space would not, and could not, be paid for by the exhibitors. It is the dependence on the space-broker that accounts for the low standard—complete absence of standard—in such exhibitions as the "Ideal Homes," "Home Arts and Industries" and the like, and which is their destruction, from the artistic point of view. A moderate-sized hall would be all that was necessary, or desirable, but I believe that, given full publicity, the interest and response of the educated middle-class public would almost pay for the expense.

will afford, when fully grown, a very necessary protection from winter storms.—W. O. R. WYNN.

A GOOD DEED IN A NAUGHTY WORLD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will, doubtless, be interested in this row of old houses just recently saved from impending destruction, by the generous intervention of a member of the Cambridge Preservation Society. They lie at the angle of the old Huntingdon-Bedford-St. Neots roads, in the street now called Northampton Street, but formerly Bell Lane, after the old Bell Inn, which still survives in unspoilt form as a private house adjoining the garage shop shown on the right of the picture. This old inn was one of many in this interesting part of the old borough, where the watermen came up from the principal wharf.—H. C. HUGHES.



A BIT OF OLD CAMBRIDGE SAVED.

Haig

WHISKY

There is a reason—

For everything under the sun there is
a reason :

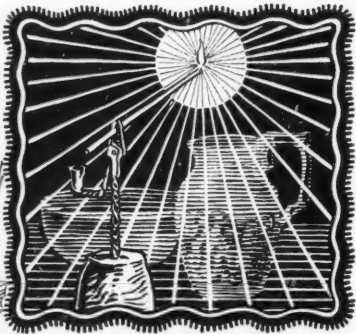
More Haig Whisky is being sold (all
over the world) to-day than ever in the
300 years' life of this Distilling House.

The reason is inside the bottle.



If you ask for Haig Whisky (and get it)
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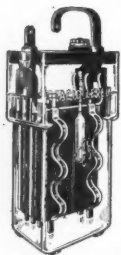


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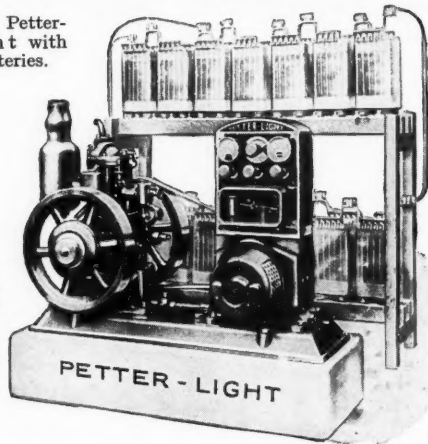
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INTER AMICOS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph, which I took lately, showing a pleasant group. The young lady who is seen surrounded by her friends is Miss Daphne Pennefather, of the White House, Hersham.—KENNETH DANNATT.

LONG TAIL OR SHORT?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As I wanted a photograph of a short-tailed field mouse for a book illustration, I decided to try to take a photograph of one which I knew was using a blackbirds' old nest as a store cupboard and dining-table—I had, on two occasions in the early mornings, seen the mouse hurriedly leave the nest on my approach. The building of a hide near the nest required much time and much labour, extending over several days. Three early mornings spent in the hide resulted in the exercise of much patience with no picture as a reward. The next attempt, however, proved successful, and it was a great thrill when the mouse climbed to the nest and I fired off. Naturally, I was full of the joy of triumph in achieving the nearly impossible, until I developed the plate, when I found that the mouse had suffered an accident to its tail, which had been severed, so that it was impossible to tell if the owner was a short



A CONVERSATION PIECE.

were fairly simple, such as throwing all five into the air and catching them upon the knuckles of the open hand; then picking up four singly from the ground, the fifth being kept meanwhile in the air. But later stages were more complicated, including such elaborate evolutions as "pigs into the pen" and "ducks under the bridge," with many more, of which the names elude me now. I still regard it as a first-rate game, for a quick steady eye and great dexterity of fingers were essential to success.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

THE PRESERVATION OF OXFORD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Oxford lovers, and they are legion, must have been much interested in the sketch of the upper river below Godstow in COUNTRY LIFE of November 24th. Great doings are toward at the Godstow end of this beautiful stretch of river. Numbers of navvies are at work, and extensive levelling, etc., is in progress; it is difficult not to be anxious about the result, but one can only hope that the Preservation Trust will preserve our amenities. The sketch shows us a series of clump-headed trees—sycamores, perhaps—planted at regular intervals. Cannot we do better than this? Such planting can be seen between Folly Bridge and the University Boathouse, and nobody admires it. What an opportunity is here for the landscape gardener—what pictures he could paint with Nature's assistance, if only we gave him a chance. Our glorious willows grow like weeds in such a situation, and there is

nothing more beautiful. Could not this river stretch be planted along the tow-path something like this: For winter colour—a big drift of red willows and then a drift of yellow ones, followed by a mass of purple red dogwood; these all to be cut to the ground in the spring at regular intervals. Next, a stretch of weeping willows, those exquisite trees of which we have not nearly enough. Then, perhaps, a large group of Lombardy poplars pointing the way to Oxford towers in the distance. If we still had more room—we want, of course, to keep our best view-points open—we could follow on with our choice out of the 200 willow species—we could hardly go wrong. There are several people in Oxford who not only understand trees, but who also know how to plant beautifully. They would, I am confident, give their services free if only they were allowed to help in preserving the incomparable beauties of Oxford.—M. W.

THE GLORY THAT WAS DUNSTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may be glad to hear that the Yarn Market in the street of Dunster is going to be restored. For some time the building had been showing signs of dilapidation, and recently Mr. Austin Hall emphasised to Mr. Luttrell the need of repairs being undertaken without delay. The octagonal "market" recalls the days when Dunster was a port on the estuary of the River Avill, and a great centre for the weaving of kerseymers, or "dunsters" as they were often called.—JOSEPH BARABY.



THE MOUSE IN THE BLACKBIRDS' NEST.

or long tailed mouse. So the photograph was useless for my purpose. However, I had proved the truth that "The best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley."—GEO. HEARN.

"DIBS."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A paragraph announcing that a child was killed while "playing marbles in the street" has recently surprised me, for I thought that marbles were now permanently "out." Neither in town nor country do I see the game being played. Indeed, some twenty years ago, upon demanding marbles at some West End toy shops, I remembered being rebuffed with not a little scorn; but, in the end, a lady graciously unbent and sent me to a wholesale house down Shoreditch way, where I found marbles—sacks and sacks of marbles!—and my needs were satisfied at a most modest price. It was of "dibs," however, that I meant to write. We called them that at Exeter some fifty years ago; but the more usual name, I think, is "knucklebones," and five sheeps' knucklebones they are. When these were not available their place was sometimes filled by stones, though these fell—literally—a little hard upon the hands. You played the game, by preference, on a table or a boarded floor—but then, beware of splinters in your fingers—or upon a desk lid propped up level by a pile of books. This last accounted for the colour of my own long-cherished set of "dibs," a mottled black and white, acquired from their falls into the sunken ink-pots in the framework of the double row of desks. One set of "dibs" was used by both the players, each one passing them to his opponent upon failure in a detail of the game. The opening "moves," if so they may be called,



THE OLD YARN MARKET AT DUNSTER.

EXAMPLES OF ENGLISH PANELLING

FOR the climate of England, the warm surface of wood-lined walls has been a desideratum for many centuries, and by the middle years of the eighteenth century no house of standing, except for a few stuccoed interiors, was thought complete without a certain number of wainscoted rooms. "England is a damp moist country," we read in the *Present State of England*, and "nothing is so fit to prevent the dangers arising from wet walls as wainscot." From the Elizabethan period onwards it became customary to carry the wainscoting up to the ceiling; the chimneypiece was seized upon by the wood carver for the free display of all the decorative devices in his repertory, while the walls, except for the frieze, consisted of plain, small, oblong panels. In a wainscoted room from Hawstead House, dating from the early seventeenth century, the wide frieze is enriched with carved panels, and there are two panelled cupboard doors in the wainscot, which gave access to cupboards cut into the solid wall in the old house. These square doors preserve their original hinges. On removing the wainscot the date 1604 was found cut into the oak timbers, which indicates the date of the building; while upon the chimney-piece the date 1620 is carved, with the initials "G. S. B." The fluted pilasters of the lower stage support an upper, which is divided by terminal caryatides.

Oak was the "universal" timber for wainscot, but a room from the old Manor House, Colnbrook, is interesting from its material, pine, a rarity in the seventeenth century. Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke (we read), Ambassador to Sweden during the Commonwealth, brought with him to England a cargo of deal boards with which he floored and wainscoted the hall of Fawley Court. The chimneypiece, of which the upper stage is divided by pilasters into two sections, occupies a large space in the long flank of the room, and the bellied mantelshelf and reticence of the ornamental treatment suggests a date in Charles I's reign. At either end of the room are entrances, one in the form of a door, the other of an open arch where the flat carving of the spandrels is a decorative feature. The same shallow carving of strapwork character enriches the panels of the frieze and the arcading of the upper stage of the chimneypiece. The ceiling of the room was of geometrical design formed of a low moulded rib mitreing and intersecting in a simple section, one rib running round the room and forming the top member of a plaster cornice. This type of panelling was usually without skirting and dado, but in the Later Renaissance the dado rail, corresponding to the top moulding of the classic pedestal, divides the wall flank into two clear divisions, of which the upper was occupied by one tier of tall panels. Mouldings were composed of bolder and fewer members; and columns and pilasters were proportioned according to rule. An example of wainscot of the Later Renaissance is a room from Streatlam Castle, Durham, lately demolished. The panels, which are of finely figured oak, are fielded and

surrounded by a bolection moulding; the "lying panel" over the bolection-moulded marble chimneypiece is carved, and above this is a larger plain panel which is framed by fine applied carving consisting of festoons and drops. The festoons of fruit and leaves are caught up at the outer angles by *putti*, and *putti* are entangled in the pendant trails of fruit and flowers, which terminate in tassels. The style and design of the carving are a late development of the manner of Grinling Gibbons, after that great craftsman's death, for the Late Renaissance alterations of Streatlam Castle date from 1718-21. In a second room of the same source and date the applied carvings are varied in design, the chimneypiece being surmounted by a large plain panel below a "lying panel" enriched by a ribboned festoon of fruit and flowers centring in crossed palm branches. To the narrow pilaster panels on either side of the chimneypiece are applied long pendants carved with *putti*, birds, leaves and fruit. The door furniture consists of brass box locks with shaped drop handles and knob catches; the butts of the hinges project and have turned finials at top and bottom.

These rooms, which are at Messrs. Roberson's of Knightsbridge, are of oak, with the exception of the Colnbrook room; but there are a number of examples in the same collection of pine wainscot, which in the Early Georgian period supplanted oak.

To the architects of the eighteenth century, oak was a wood "unfavourable to the tool," and so the soft pine, which was "cheap and works easy," superseded all other timber. Examples of fine wainscoted rooms from a house at Spettisbury; from Gloucester House, London; from Stanwick Park, Yorkshire, and also at Messrs. Roberson's, express a sober dignity, enriched with delicate and well disposed ornament.

It is surprising that, as the surface was originally painted, the selection of woods received so much care. In the room from Spettisbury, the "continued" chimneypiece forms the centre of a long flank of the room, opposite the window. The upper stage has a carved frieze, and from the paired consoles on either side hang intricate pendants of flowers and fruit, while the frieze and tablet of the lower stage are carved with a foliate scroll and a human mask. Such delicate carving would have been painted, as Ware recommends, with only a light coat of paint, colouring, without loading, the ornament.

ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.

The Victoria and Albert Museum has recently acquired a fine table-cover in *petit-point*, mainly through a contribution from the National Art Collections Fund. The field is filled with an interlacing design of vine stems with grapes; the broad border is worked with scenes from English country life, centring in a red brick house, with its owners in Elizabethan dress, and smaller cottages and mills set in an undulating landscape. This scene appears on the two long borders; on the shorter borders, a man is seen up a tree, pursued by a lion.

J. DE SERFF.



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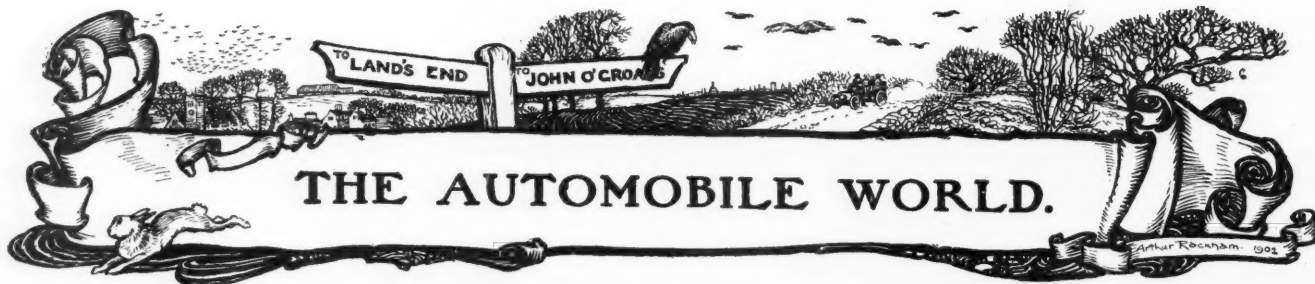
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BRITISH CARS OVERSEAS

IT used to be a common criticism that British car makers were insufficiently attentive to the needs of overseas markets. This criticism is now heard much less frequently, and recent events counter any suggestion that British car propaganda is being neglected, at least by our more progressive makers. One of the most significant developments that have ever taken place is the exhibition of the largest of the Daimlers, which means the largest and highest powered of all the world's cars, at the forthcoming New York Show (January 5th-12th). The car that is being taken over by Mr. Mackle, the managing director of Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Limited, the Daimler distributors, is the P50 double-six—the 50 h.p. twelve-cylinder limousine. Americans are admittedly attracted by anything big, in the sphere of motor cars as elsewhere, and as this Daimler is not only the "biggest yet," but is also a unique example of engineering achievement, it ought to receive at New York an attention that should benefit the whole British industry.

Travelling with Mr. Mackle on the Berengaria will be Sir Herbert Austin, whose products are also being exhibited at the Show—among these products being, of course, the famous Austin Seven, which is already no stranger on American soil. This display under one roof of the largest and the smallest of British cars—which also happen to be the largest and the smallest of all cars in regular commercial production—should convince the most sceptical that there is not only quality but ample variety in the products of the British automobile industry.

The achievements of the Austin Seven abroad constitute a formidable list, probably unsurpassed by those of any other standard car, and the list has recently been augmented by the really notable performance of climbing Table Mountain,

the Austin Seven being the first car to accomplish this feat, which has often been attempted. It may be recalled that an Austin Seven has also climbed Ben Nevis, accomplishing the feat in very much less time than was required by a foreign car of very much higher power. Another Austin Seven is at the moment engaged in taking two ladies all round the world.

Another performance by a small British car overseas deserving of comment is the establishment, under very arduous conditions, of a new record from Perth to Sydney, Australia, by a Triumph Super Seven. Driven by a man of sixty-five years of age who has already crossed Australia four times, the Triumph encountered the worst weather conditions in the whole experience of its driver; but, in spite of sand storms, cyclones, torrential rains and a load of petrol for one stage of 579 miles, the car won through with an average fuel consumption of 40 m.p.g. and a broken fan belt as its only replacement!

BRAKE SIZE AND EFFICIENCY.

"WHAT magnificent-looking brakes!" The comment is heard wherever there is a goodly gathering of miscellaneous cars and motorists, and nine times out of ten it will be heard as a group of enthusiasts pauses before a foreign car. It is invariably expressed in a tone of admiration, revealing that the admirer is more of an enthusiast than a competent critic. Admiration for unduly large brake drums rests on nothing more than a fallacy.

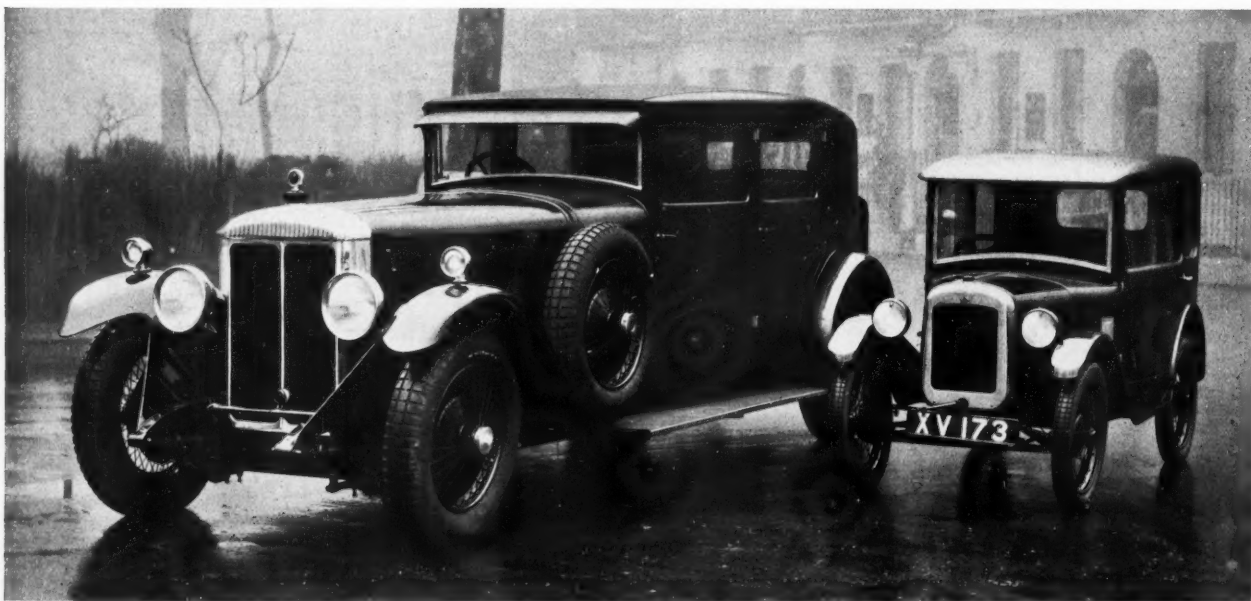
It may not be quite correct to say that brake efficiency and brake drum size have no inter-relationship; but it is most certainly wrong to deduce that big brakes must necessarily be good brakes. In fact, one of the best braked cars on

the modern market has noticeably small drums which are not even deeply ribbed, as is often the fashion, "for cooling."

Unduly large brake drums weigh heavily, and as the whole tendency of modern automobile design is to keep down weight wherever possible, they are, in this respect, retrograde, more especially as their weight is unsprung, the most undesirable of all; while experience indicates that many a large brake, while it may be heavy in its working, is not by any means striking in its efficiency. On the other hand, it is only a comparatively small brake that can be housed within the width of the wheel hub, an arrangement of which the advantage is obvious, and anyone doubting the stopping power and the durability of a well designed small brake—that is, relatively small for the size of the car—has only to experience the stopping power of the servo assisted four-wheel set on a big double-six Daimler. This, one of the largest of modern cars, can be stopped as quickly and with actually less pressure on the pedal than is the case with many really "light" cars of the smaller type.

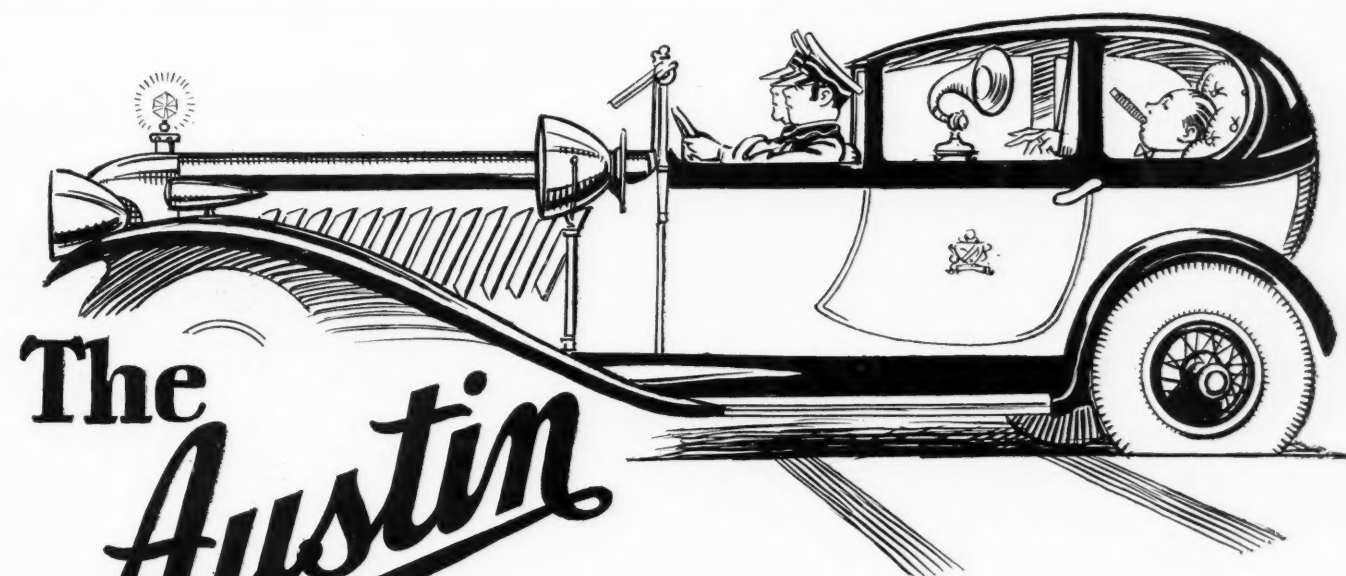
The stopping power of a brake is entirely a matter of friction between shoes and drums; and friction, in its turn, is a matter of surface and pressure. Given one or the other (surface or pressure), and adequate friction is assured. In the case of cars with unduly large brake drums, main reliance is placed on surface, which means, in this instance, metal and weight; in the case of the Daimler, reliance is placed on pressure, which is secured through the servo motor, with a considerable saving in the unsprung weight of the chassis.

An analogy is afforded by the phenomenon of the driving wheels of a railway train, where a bare inch or two of contact surface between wheel and rail is enough to pull a train.



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

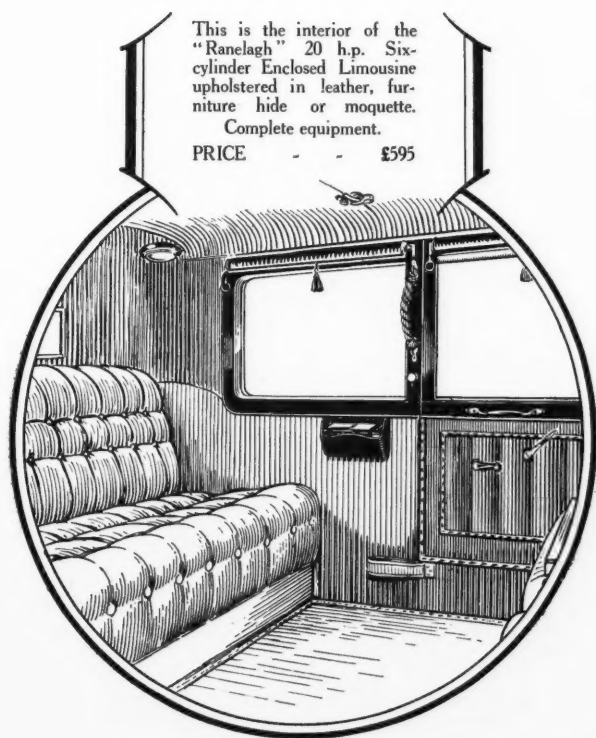
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AN ULTRA EXPRESS

SOME very remarkable claims are advanced about a new German rifle cartridge and the rifle designed to handle it. One's first instinctive attitude is to dismiss these claims as exaggerated; on the other hand, I have received from the firm concerned a very full and convincing account of the performance of this new super-cartridge, and it is clear that they are putting forward not what one might call a merchant's exaltation of their particular wares, but a creditable scientific ballistics account of performance as established at the official German testing station at Halensee. They give a clear and reasonable schedule of facts and figures, and though these are fairly staggering, I am inclined to accept them as put forward in entire good faith, but I reserve judgment until an actual test has been carried out over here and independent authority confirms or challenges their claims and figures. If they get anything like the results they claim without some compensating disadvantage, it is clear that they have made a very remarkable advance in the design of small-arms ammunition.

The present limit of effective muzzle velocity is, in magnum high velocity small bore rifles, the round figure of 3,000ft. per second. The new Halger rifle of .280 magnum calibre has a m.v. of 3,500ft. per second with a 180-grain boat-tailed bullet and a velocity of just on 4,000ft. per second with a 100-grain bullet!

Details of the rifles used are not to hand, but apparently both magazine rifles and sporting double-barrelled expresses are made for the new cartridge, and the weights of these arms are not more than normal. Excessive erosion would, one would expect, be a discounting factor, but they claim that their special progressive burning powder of high density burns at a relatively low temperature and in combination with special anti-corrosion rifle barrel steels shows no material excessive wear and tear despite the high pressures. These pressures are not given in the particulars at present available, but the inference to be drawn is that they do not greatly exceed those of the .30 calibre cartridge used in the U.S.A. match-rifle cartridge. The 145-grain Halger bullet with the m.v. of 3,500ft. per second from a 28½in. barrel has a muzzle energy of close upon 4,000 foot-pounds. A high m.v. is, however, not always a guarantee that the projectile maintains its velocity to full sporting ranges, but this Halger bullet has apparently a velocity of 2,900ft. per second, or 2,720 foot-pounds at 330yds. The drop in trajectory over this distance is only 3ins.

The heavier 180-grain Halger bullet has a muzzle velocity of 3,050ft. per second and a ballistic coefficient of .601, and is capable of some astonishing performances. Mr. Gehrlich, the designer of the Halger bullets, who was once chief engineer at Vickers, Sons and Maxim, made a group 7ins. by 9ins. in the presence of witnesses. The shooting being made with a 9lb. rifle from the prone position at 1,000yds. At 1,000yds. the maximum height of the trajectory is 6ft. At 1,650yds. the ten-shot group was within 33ins., in spite of a gusty side wind and mirage.

With the lighter 100-grain Halger bullet with approximately 4,000ft. per second muzzle velocity, 2in. and 2½in. groups at 330yds. have been frequently made with rest and telescopic sights, while at this range the heavier 180-grain bullet gives groups of 1½ins.!

Well, this all sounds very remarkable, but the sportsman has questions to put which are also important. How about erosion, recoil, muzzle blast and noise? They claim that their barrels do not show any material loss of accuracy after

several thousand rounds, and attribute this not only to the special steels employed, but to special methods of boring and chambering, and in particular stress the special nature of their dense propellant. Two hundred rounds in quick succession without cleaning did not apparently set up sufficient fouling to affect accuracy, and a difference in gauge of a hundredth part of a millimetre was all that could be detected after the test. The recoil is apparently normal and less felt than that of the 7mm. magnum Mauser, and the flash and report are not excessive even with the short 26in. barrel. This astonishing ballistic performance might, one thinks, be only a shooting range victory. Theoretically, these new charges might do all that is claimed for them and yet be unsatisfactory for use on game. Their answer to this is that these rifles have been on the market since the middle of 1926. A number have been in the hands of sportsmen, and the record of kills includes all manner of European game—bear, deer, chamois and the big Carpathian red deer—at distances of from 100 to 300 metres.

Taking it all in all, this account is remarkably good and very fairly convincing; but it is, after all, only one side of the case. One feels that probably there is a snag in it somewhere. Are, for instance, these special loads proof against the vagaries of hot climates or extremes of cold and damp? Do the cartridges stand up to it, or is there a danger of split cases in the chamber? Are they regular and uniform in their effects? Do they deteriorate on keeping? Do they leave a violently corrosive residue which requires infinite care in cleaning? All these are points which require independent confirmation gained from practical experience. But the fact remains that if this new series of Halger cartridges achieves what is claimed for it, the 180-grain .280 magnum bullet has at 300yds. very nearly twice as much shocking energy as the best of modern military rifles and more than double that of the .375 magnum, despite its greater calibre and moderately high velocity. The advance is not unexpected, but the extent of the advance is admittedly astonishing. The reduction of the curve of trajectory to 6ft. mid-trajectory height at 1,000yds. is a matter of considerable military importance, for it eliminates all matters of sight adjustment not only for normal battle ranges, but for almost twice the present range. The Service and sporting rifles of the future will be almost as easy to shoot with as the miniature rifles of to-day!

The history of firearms shows that, once an important step forward is made, it is not long before it or some similar system is adopted by a Government. Usually, military design leads sporting design, but on occasion this precedence is inverted. If velocities in the neighbourhood of 4,000ft. per second become standard, a number of schemes of rearmament must go into the melting pot, but once any great Power adopts a magnum high-velocity cartridge for its small arms, others must perforce follow suit. A decade has passed since the war and our armament grows obsolete, the natural question arises—is 4,000ft. per second the limit, or will some further improvement in propellants and bullet design transcend this figure?

A radical advance in small arms may further modify several aspects of modern warfare. The Great War finished with tanks and armoured mechanical transport in the ascendant; since then we have entered a further stage of mechanisation. The new type of high velocity bullet may be capable of modification to an armour-piercing type of twice the usual penetration, involving a thicker and heavier armour—decidedly this new type of cartridge needs consideration! H. B. C. P.

a good Morning Cigarette

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THE UNCONVENTIONAL GARDEN

GARDENING, like many other technical subjects, labours under a surfeit of literature on its various aspects and branches. A few of the contributions are good, and, if not directly calculated to increase our knowledge of plants and their culture, they at least serve to reawaken the interest of the garden owner and to direct his attention to the merits of particular groups. Others are bad, and, unfortunately, the latter have been in the majority during recent years. One seeks in vain for assistance and advice in time of difficulty—and, after all, that is the true test of a good book that claims to teach something of the science of gardening. Personal books are always a source of interest, and generally rich in advice and information on the growing of plants, and to garden owners are decidedly more helpful than definite text books which constantly reiterate the ABC of the subject. It was with the pleasure of anticipation, therefore, that I turned to the pages of *The Unconventional Garden*, by Sir Arthur F. Hort (Edward Arnold, 10s. 6d.), being taken with its attractive and suggestive title.

I am not a believer in the orthodox in gardening. Change is good, and particularly so in gardening, where the old methods applied to new plants are apt to cause disappointment and failure. I was not disappointed. Here is a book that is worthy of the attention of every garden owner who takes an interest in plants for their own sake and also in the beauty and appearance of his garden the year round. It is intriguing and original in its accounts and descriptions of plants, and in its little scraps of cultural advice thrown out now and again as the author enlarges on one of his particular favourites. It is fresh in its treatment and in its style. Indeed, it is charmingly written, and plant descriptions are never tedious, but rather do they whet the appetite to learn more of the idiosyncrasies of the plants the author mentions. Apart from the real gardening aspect of the book—and by that I mean the wealth of good counsel, advice and suggestion that is to be found in its pages—it reflects something of the experimenting soul of the true gardener, his perseverance and patience, and the abiding joy that is to be discovered in those countless treasures that come from the four corners of the earth and find a resting place within the confines of a small garden.

That the author is no mean gardener is evident from the number of plants that are described in *The Unconventional Garden*. It cannot be the happy lot of many garden owners to own such an admirable collection, including many rarities; but to those who are not so fortunately placed it will serve to indicate those plants that are of real garden merit and are, therefore, to be included in the garden. In this respect the book may be accepted as a critical review of garden plants worth growing. Among the varieties which the author has had, and apparently lost, was the crimson *Meconopsis punicea*. Unfortunately, the author does not say if it flowered with him, or how he lost it. It would have been interesting to know. Two years ago I had a few seeds of this species given to me by a friend, but, unfortunately, not a single plant survived the seedling stage. Gentians, primulas, lilies, shrubs and alpine all have their share of attention in the book, and a special chapter is devoted to irises, on which the author is no mean authority. The arrangement and treatment of the subject matter are admirable. In the first part the appearance of the garden is described month by month and the plants that contribute to its beauty; in the second, devoted to plants and their places, a more detailed account is given of shrubs, herbaceous plants for spring, summer and autumn decoration, with particular notes on a few isolated individual plants which are seldom met with in gardens. The chapter on irises is a concise guide to species worth growing in the garden. In the chapter on the rock garden, some useful hints on the planting and accommodation of rock plants are given, and two genera—the saxifrages and dianthus—are dealt with in some detail. In conclusion, some notes on planting wild corners of the garden are provided with a list of desirable plants for such a position and a list of undesirables. The list of the desirables is interesting, in that it draws attention to

plants that are not commonly advocated for growing in the wild, while many of those generally advised in any planting list for a wild garden are omitted. It seems hardly fair to have omitted all reference to the primulas for wild planting in shady corners. Several of the species have surely won their spurs for planting in wild parts. These are but minor points in what is otherwise an excellent treatise, well written and providing much useful instruction. Those who know the Pyrenees will enjoy the appendix, in which the author describes some of his finds from Mont Louis; the Col d'Aspin, Gavarnie and other secluded corners known only to those who clamber on foot or on mule-back through these delightful valleys in early spring, and how they are succeeding at home. I have only one regret, and that is that the book contains no illustrations. These would have added greatly to the interest of the volume, particularly if a few of the more uncommon plants mentioned could have been shown.

G. C. TAYLOR.

A DAINTY POKER PLANT.

IT is an odd fact, difficult to explain, that the most precious of all the miniature kniphofias, and one of the choicest of the whole race, should be one of the most uncommon. I refer to *K. Nelsoni*, which is not only rarely seen in our gardens, but a plant that is seldom offered by the nurserymen. This is the more remarkable when one realises the important position now occupied by the dwarf pokers as rock garden subjects, and that many of them, as hybrids, owe much of their charm to *K. Nelsoni*.

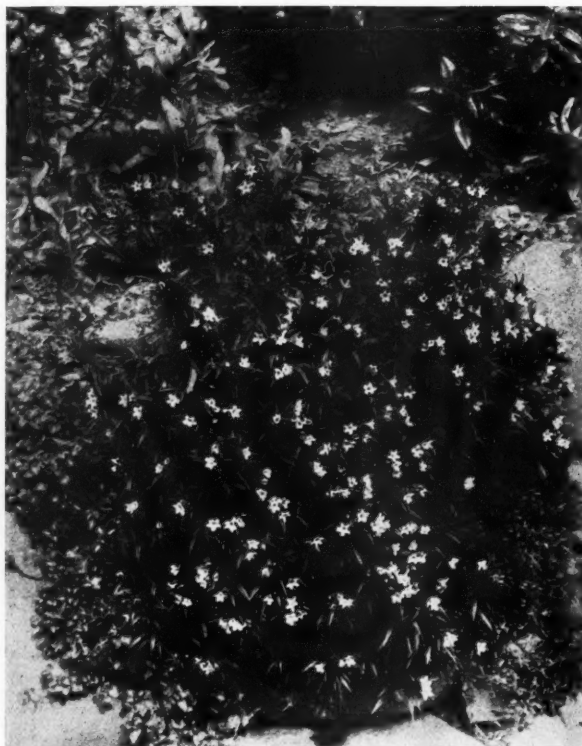
While there are few of these little kniphofias which I have not grown and appreciated on account of their stately grace, bright colours and early and late flowering propensities, *K. Nelsoni*, which comes last of all, is surely the most delightful. Its dark green, glossy leafage is unusually slender and grass-like, and above it, to the height of about 18 ins. or less, stand the brilliant little torches. These are narrow and neat, but in perfect balance and harmony with the size of the plant, and they flame with an almost pure scarlet warmed by a fiery glow. And these dainty spears appear at the end of September and continue for a month or more, thus giving a touch of vivid colour to the rock garden during the dulllest periods of its year, a colour, moreover, which blends most happily with the tints of autumn. *K. Nelsoni* will, of course, do in borders or beds as well as in the rock garden, but it needs a very well drained soil, a warm position and full sun. It is a hardy species and quite as easy as any of the other dwarfs, but in too cold a soil is apt to flower too late.

THE WINTER-FLOWERING GROMWELL.

LITHOSPERMUM ROSMARINIFOLIUM is the finest of its beautiful race. It comes from the sunny cliffs of Capri and the adjacent mainland of Italy, and is, therefore, less hardy than most of its kind commonly seen in gardens. This is a sub-shrubby species with dark green, glossy foliage, which has a superficial resemblance to that of rosemary, a semi-prostrate habit and a height of a foot to eighteen inches. The flowers are very much larger than those of any other species and of a wonderful blue, rich and intense as that of *Gentiana sino-ornata*. Here in the west the first blooms usually open in late autumn, and from that time until the following spring a succession will be maintained so long as the weather remains mild. Frost will check blossoming and probably destroy the fully opened blooms, but there are always plenty of buds waiting to expand on the return of more genial weather.

The hardiness of this lovely species has often been discussed. In my experience, young and robust plants will endure up to 20° of frost when growing in really poor, stony soil. Indeed, I have found this lithospermum just as hardy as the prostrate rosemary (a shrub of the same region), and during the destructive winter of 1927-28, the first occasion upon which the plant has suffered here, the rosemary was the first to go. This remarkable gromwell may, therefore, be considered fairly hardy; but it should, if only on account of its winter flowers, be given a sheltered position. Moreover, the root-run can hardly be too stony and dry. A fissure between blocks of limestone with full sun and a little overhead shelter suit it as well as anything. In any event, *L. rosmarinifolium* is a species of such superlative merit that it is well worth a trial anywhere. As a cold house plant for winter flowering it is, of course, admirable, and under such conditions the vivid sapphire of its fine blooms is even brighter and better than it is outside. I have not found this an easy plant to strike from cuttings; but if short, fairly fresh shoots are taken about midsummer and placed in a warm sand frame, a good percentage will root. Care must be exercised against damping-off.

A. T. J.



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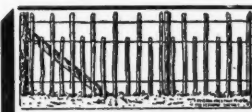
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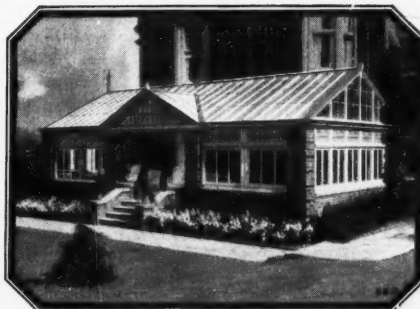
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FROM A WOMAN'S NOTEBOOK

H. J. NICOLL AND CO., LIMITED.

Do not make any mistake about the matter—a few judicious purchases at H. J. Nicoll and Co., Limited, 114-120, Regent Street, during the sale which commences on December 31st, will set you up with a stock of immaculately made and tailored clothes for the coming year! You can even have riding kit at sale figures, for astride coats and breeches, which are usually priced from 18 guineas, will be procurable at 10 and 11 guineas, while side-saddle coats, skirts and breeches have descended to 12 guineas from prices ranging from 21 guineas, and riding boots—black and tan—in all sizes have likewise come down to the sale price of 4 guineas. The Quicksilver weather-proofs, slightly shop soiled, are offered at greatly reduced prices and as most people know these contain no rubber and are very hygienic, there is sure to be a run on them. A model which was formerly 73s. 6d. can be had during the sale for 55s., and an 80s. model for 65s. Long coats in plain and fancy tweeds, fleece and Chedrayn and other proofed coatings will be reduced from 6 to 8 guineas to 4 guineas, while there is actually a collection of serviceable coats offered at 2 guineas each. Then the model costumes in excellent navy suiting and in many plain and fancy materials are reduced from prices which were between 7 and 8½ guineas to 6 guineas, and smartly tailored costumes, double and single breasted, in many shades of grey, fawn and blue, have descended from 6½ and 7 guineas to 5 guineas. Drastic reductions have likewise taken place among the evening and afternoon frocks with a view to clearing them for the new season's stock, and model fur-trimmed coats, as well as coats of fur or of leather, have all been subjected to the same amazing reductions. It is an opportunity not to be missed, and should be earmarked for the opening day—the 31st.

VANITE, LIMITED.

The days following Christmas are days of immense opportunities. One of these is the sale at Vanité's, 8, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, an event which Madame Vanité's clients know how to appreciate at its right value. For the daintiness of everything in these showrooms is so well known that it is only natural that we should look forward eagerly to obtaining them at so much less than the ordinary figures, and many women will feel that it is almost a tragedy not to be in town to participate in the chance. The sale commences immediately after Christmas, and includes extremely well cut and original jumper suits from 3½ guineas, day and evening gowns likewise commencing at that price. These gowns have in many cases cost double the amount asked for them, and any woman with a discerning eye who can appreciate really smart and original clothes will find the bargain field at Vanité's an entrancing and profitable one.

MISS LUCY'S.

Clients of Miss Lucy, 9, Harewood Place, Hanover Square, W.1, who have been the happy possessors of her charming hats or frocks, in which it would be hard indeed not to look one's best, will be looking forward with keen anticipation to the 31st, the day on which she has decided to commence her sale. It is extraordinary how, if one really wants to keep an engagement, one can somehow manage to surmount difficulties, and this is an engagement which would be worth taking pains to keep. Everything will be greatly reduced, for Miss Lucy is anxious to clear the whole stock to make room for the new models. Country felts will be disposed of at 2 guineas each, and charming town hats in felt and other materials will be priced at 35s., 2 guineas and 2½ guineas, while country suits can be had from 6 guineas and crêpe de Chine shirts from 4½ guineas. But as everyone should judge of these benefits for themselves, an early visit on the principle of the "early bird" is much to be recommended.

RHONIA, LIMITED.

Anyone can dress well who shops at the sales. Rhonia, Limited, 191, Regent Street, who began their fourteen days' sale on the 27th, have reduced all their models, and you can guess what bargains there are to be picked up when I tell you that day and evening gowns which were priced at 12½ guineas can be had at 8½ guineas, and that beautiful outdoor coats, all of which are trimmed with real fur and luxurious lined, are likewise amazingly reduced. All materials—it is needless to say—are of the best, for everyone knows that the name of Rhonia stands for excellence, while, like most *couturiers* on the other side of the Channel, they make rather a speciality of the fashionable black clothes, so that there is a large stock of these to be disposed of, and it is good to learn that they are always in large sizes as well as small.

BARRI, LIMITED.

It is great news that Barri, Limited, 33, New Bond Street, W.1, is having a sale, because the daintiness of Mme. Barri's frocks is only equalled by their becomingness and the beauty of the materials used for their construction. The sale comprises some of the best models from the Paris collections at very low figures, some of them being, indeed, reduced to 8 guineas; while there are also a number of other charming frocks and jumper suits carried out in velvet and satin, among which some bargains can be picked up for 6 guineas

during the sale. It is, besides, almost a truism to say that one can always buy a becoming hat at Barri's, and for that reason it is splendid news that the sale includes some extremely good model hats, which are perfectly fresh and suitable for the spring, and which are reduced to 1 guinea and 1½ guineas. In the fascinating department, too, devoted to small children's frocks there are a number of babies' dresses and petticoats at prices which are considerably lower than they could be made. An example of one of Mme. Barri's children's frocks was shown in our Christmas Number, and the choice is wide and the range of sizes excellent.

SCOTT'S HATS.

This is a time of vast concessions to our purses—a time when Christmas gifts have depleted our supplies and when, consequently, we grasp at every opportunity to renew our wardrobes at the reduced prices which are offered us all round. To possess a hat from Scott's, Limited, 1, Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, appeals to all of us, and though this firm are not advertising a sale this year, it is great news that their surplus stock of summer and autumn goods will be offered during January at a sale discount of 20 per cent. and that all hats so offered will be plainly marked. I need not add that it would be well worth your while to go to see for yourselves, for everyone knows the smartness and reliability of Scott's hats, and after all a hat which is not only smart but becoming is a very valuable possession.

THE POPULAR COATEES.

I have encountered many of my friends shopping for Christmas lately, and it seems to me that present-giving is on the up rather than the down grade. It seems, too, that there are far fewer misfits in the matter of gifts than there used to be, perhaps because people are growing more practical in their choice than ever before. It has amused me to see that one item has figured on many people's shopping lists, and I am perfectly certain it has been gratefully received. This is the little house-coat. It is an extraordinarily sensible present

to give to a woman who is no longer young, for it is just the thing for bridge or dinner at home, while it is a far more attractive addition to an afternoon frock than a woolly coat, and it is loose-fitting, easy to slip into and comfortable to wear. Our artist has sketched one of the newest Paris designs in black ring velvet and ermine—for Paris is as much in favour of the house-coat as we are on this side of the Channel—and for those who give their presents at the New Year I can imagine no better use for the lovely remnants and odd lengths of material which one can pick up at the sales for a mere song. The other sketch shows a coat of massed black and silver *paillettes* and chiffon, the coat ending in a deep frill of the chiffon which corresponds with that on the skirt. It could, however, be worn with any black skirt or with one of last year's evening slips.

CELES' LATEST MODELS.

Among the smartest new jumpers this season are the Celes models, which are obtainable at the leading houses. These are always well cut, graceful and charming to wear; while the Celes registered name is on every

garment—a guarantee that it is a genuine Celes model. Among them I particularly liked an overblouse which is tucked over the shoulders, giving a little fullness in front; while it is neatly trimmed with stitching, and can be had in a large variety of plain colours. As a New Year gift to a girl it would be charming. It must be mentioned that Celes is not sold by the yard, but only in the finished garment.

SERVING LUCULLUS.

It is extraordinary what a preoccupation cooking is becoming. People who were content to leave everything to the cook, and to suffer the ministrations of the kitchenmaid when her superior fell ill or was away, descend boldly to the kitchen nowadays to try their hands at a sauce or an *entree*, and are eager to attain absolute proficiency in the art. For my own part I consider that a course of cookery should be included in every girl's curriculum, and where could she obtain it better than at Marshall's School of Cookery, 32 and 30, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.1? I was thinking of this as I watched the complete dinner lesson given recently by Mrs. Maghill to rows of attentive students in the culinary art who had come from all parts to attend it. The complete dinner lesson—about six of which are given throughout the year—included new dishes denoting the standard to be in vogue for high-class entertaining during the coming year, and must have been immensely valuable to those who go in for high-class cookery. The whole dinner—which, needless to say, was a feast of Lucullus—was cooked, dished up and explained before the eyes of the audience, and even I myself—a veritable tyro—learnt a great deal that was illuminating and helpful. But one lesson is not enough to make a high-class cook, and I should strongly advise a course at this wonderful school of cookery, the certificates and diplomas of which are recognised throughout the world, and which mean well paid work for those who take up cooking professionally. A complete prospectus giving all particulars will be sent post free on application.



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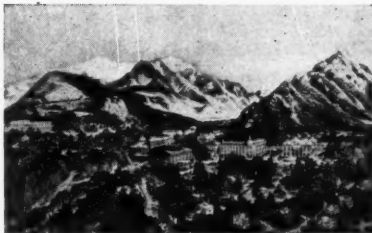
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